

Maclean's

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Carter's Inferno

All the President's 'friends'



The Church
after Paul VI

Interview

With Erica Jong

Erica Jong, a woman that "nobody made poetry," though it is in that medium that she first gained her notoriety. Her collections *Friends and Strangers* (released in 1971) followed by *Love Lust* in '73, were so well accepted in fact, that she was able to overcome her fear of writing in new lines the form she had so recently always preferred. Subsequently she exploded onto the international literary scene with her remarkably successful first novel, *Fear of Flying*. The statistical unbridled work has sold over six million copies in 20 countries since it was published in 1973. Sexually explicit to an extent that makes most breathe a sigh of relief that women poetry first, just any woman that they are not, along in their desert. Jong's writings have been decried as the feminine counterpart to Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* for its blunt look. How to Save Your Own Life: Miller heartily endorsed not only his philosophy but also the insight exhibited through a Miller-like character she presented.

Jong's own life closely parallels that of her fictional heroine Isadora Wing. Raised in New York by Jewish left-wing parents, who was surrounded as a child by books and paintings. While attending Columbia University where she received an A in English literature, she began writing poetry and married her first husband (who refers to her as a psychotic) Jong lived in Germany with her second husband, a psychiatrist, and while undergoing psychoanalysis, she met her current and fortuitous husband, whom she became the themes of her writing.

Now 36 Jong lives in Connecticut with a new husband, 30-year-old screenwriter/writer Jonathan Katz, and is expecting her first child this summer. She spoke to *Maxim* about a controversial editor, Peter Matthiessen during a recent visit to Toronto.

Maxim: As *Fear of Flying*, you look at recent events as an outsider, trying to re-evaluate someone's position on a certain subject. Jong: As if a Mexican would see it. Hence always does that. Since it's always a disbalance of reason. One of the things I would like to do even more in my work is to take the outrageous satirical perspective. I'll give you an example: I've been working on the last novel now. I discovered that the best depiction of any society always comes from outsiders from abroad. You can find out more about life in the 18th century from reading Swift and Johnson and so on, but you don't find out very much from the political biographies of the time. You do find out a great deal from a German travelling

through England or a French person plucked down in Yorkshire, because they see it plainly. That's taught me a lot about what a novelist's perspective should be. You should be a bit of an outsider, and



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maybe that's why women are in a unique position right now to write novels of sex and novels of social criticism.

Maxim: Because they're always been outsiders?

Jong: They are insiders and outsiders at the same time. They are insiders in the family, but they're outsiders without authority and respect. They know all the secrets, like a wife knows the secrets, but a group out of usual consensus keeps them in a somewhat subordinate position and says that they don't tell what they know, just as a servant doesn't tell about his master. It's the same thing that's made black American literature very interesting in the last few years.

Maxim: How much of *Fear of Flying* and *How to Save Your Own Life* is satire, and how much is a reflection of what you were feeling?

Jong: Well, once the satire was a reflection of what I was feeling, because I tend to see the world at times very humorously. I don't know if I can really quantify an answer

Obviously I tend part of my own feelings, my own life. I hope the books are true to emotion. They are not always true to actual events. One of the most moving chapters in *Fear of Flying*, for example, which I thought was the dead center of the book, was Isadora alone in that hotel room in Paris. From an historian's point of view, these events never took place in my life, from an emotional point of view they really did.

Maxim: It's important for you to feel that you are going to leave something as though a supremely successful work on sexuality for a bridge against death?

Jong: I felt that way when I was 16. I felt that poetry was a bulwark against death. I don't now. You have to find your own bulwark against death as you grow older, and maybe that's why I'm accepting it rather than fighting it. I don't think any writer could say this in my movement, because literary history is full of writers whose work is utterly forgotten.

Maxim: You said more than six million copies of *Fear of Flying*, which is no mean feat. What if the first one doesn't sell?

Jong: Well, I don't think a book following *Fear of Flying* could materialize, although perhaps over the years it might sell up there. I know that I was terribly insecure in a writer, and it gave me a tremendous thrill at the time to know that I had readers. I've also been bedeviled by deliberately hostile critics. So my suspicion as a writer has never been out of their acceptance. But I'm a grown older I hope I will learn to be more indifferent to success/failure, because there are not very worthy goals to be concerned with.

Maxim: Did you make a million dollars on *Fear of Flying*?

Jong: I don't know what the total will be, but I think it's not a great success. I'm not a particularly good financial staffer, or searcher on paper lines. I can raise money for a cause I believe in by giving a poetry reading. I do! But everybody finds some or later that they have their own life to fulfill, and I've also thought to know that I can't do anything.

Maxim: Let me ask you the meaning of some fundamental words that I associate with you. Love, for example.

Jong: Well, you have somebody when that person's life is marches your own that you feel you'll be unprepared without it, and when that person's point of view on the world helps your sense of what so much that you want that person to have. That's what love means to me, really.

Maxim: What role does marriage play?

Jong: I don't think there's a place for the institution of marriage, but I think there's a place for long-lasting relationships between people. I don't know what the institution of marriage is, so tell you the truth

learned about women from men. I learned from Shakespeare that women can never be artists. I learned from Dostoevsky that they have no religious feeling. I learned from Swift and Pope that they have no real religious feeling. I learned from Freud that they are each makers. I learned from Freud that they have different appetites and are not susceptible because they lack the one thing in this world worth having: a penis. But what did all this have to do with sex?

Jong: Well, that whole passage is ironic. Because when I say I learned from Freud that women are defenseless, I am mocking him. A writer has a certain job, which is to be a kind of wilderness. A writer's job is to feel the currents of her time and to put them down on paper, almost like a medium getting spirits at a seance. If you're born with that gift, you have to develop it. Even here is an inherent danger. It is a sort of mystical gift, I guess. And somehow, by articulating these things on paper, you enable people to see where their safety is, and change comes out of that inner need. I've I'd like my safety to be much more just and much more sensitive, feminine and a woman. I'd like there to be justice between the sexes and there isn't. We haven't begun to have that.

Maxim: What about our nation: the nation-hood—do you ever feel the need to become involved with a wider world?

Jong: What could be wider than this one and women? I don't feel it's a trivial issue. I think it's the root bottom of other issues. I believe that people have certain callings. You don't say should I go on a hunger strike to save Israel? If you're Gandhi, you do, because that's your karma and you do it. Well, my karma is to be a writer, and the best contribution I can make to it is to use that gift as well as I can. I'm not a very good politician, but I am a good conscience. I'm not a particularly good financial staffer, or searcher on paper lines. I can raise money for a cause I believe in by giving a poetry reading. I do! But everybody finds some or later that they have their own life to fulfill, and I've also thought to know that I can't do anything.

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if you look at the lines concerning legal marriage, you find that they are antiquated. They have to do with women in premodern and chaotic

Maxim: Yet you've been married three times.

Jong: Yeah, but getting legally married is not the same as really joining your life with somebody. A lot of people get legally married many times, for all kinds of ridiculous reasons. I married my first husband because it was not a time in history when two college students could live together without being married. Six years later, we probably would have lived together and marriage



I went to bed with another woman once; does that qualify as a lesbian relationship?

the relationship a few years later and said: But people didn't sleep up in '60s at Columbia University, they got married. I don't know whether that had much meaning as a marriage. The second marriage was a marriage of desperation; I had had a husband who was psychotic and I was terrified by the whole experience as I married somebody who was very strict and promised to have all the answers and was a good daddy, and I was older than he, and who was a drink. Now I've had somebody I'm very united with, and our whole relationship is different from anything I've ever had before in my life.

Maxim: The story of your youth in moments of literary life came as the novel *Isadora* experienced in *Fear of Flying*.

Jong: Well, many of the events parallel my own life. But I don't think Isadora is me. Isadora is a kind of pre-adolescent after age Isadora is the happy, wise, outrageous, naive, a fantasy proposition of a rather bookish, older woman Isadora did all the

things I didn't do because I was sitting behind my desk writing. **Maxim:** Did you feel you had to write about your former marriages to be of this world?

Jong: No. In fact, it was all I could do to write the book that way. My first attempt to deal with the experience was to write a book about a midwife, in which I was the midwife. As I was writing on that book and other unpublished ones—all of which, incidentally, had male protagonists, partly because I assumed nobody would want to hear about a woman protagonist—I was also writing poetry. My editor at Holt, Rinehart & Winston kept pressing me: "What are you working on?" Can you sell us a novel? Well, I showed it to him and he said, "This book is a total evasion. It's as if you were hiding behind the mask of a male character." And I said, "Well, I can't be direct in my fiction because people might actually read it. Poetry nobody reads. It's not like revealing yourself before the world." And he said, "You'd better take the manuscript home, because I'm not going to publish it." I guess the reason I had so many problems was because there was no woman's movement at that time. The story that was dominant was the myth of Isadora and Isadora, and by God they didn't write about women, so why should I? It was an unconsciously self-imposed position that I had taken. The climate has changed drastically since then. You can't imagine what it was like when you write what Isadora is. Bernard in 1939 to '50. What I didn't do was women writing in literature circles. Nobody even read the poems of Emily Dickinson. Nobody even read Mary McCarthy or Doris Lessing. Nobody reads what the Nobel Prize winner I was as Bernard and that was the first 18

one heard of her.

Maxim: How does your own femininity affect your writing, almost as though you were trying to write a female response to Henry Miller.

Jong: I think that "Henry Miller character" in the *Tropic* bears just about the same relationship to the historical Henry Miller as Isadora Wing bears to Erica Jong. Henry knows more about writing those books than I was creating an extension attempt. Think about that: think about a man in a book and so literary that when he lives in the same house as Lawrence Durrell, it's not correspondence, sending two and three letters a day, and out of their living apartments and out of their lives, they're going to the world as Isadora and Henry Miller. I was very liberated by a couple of books I had read shortly before I wrote *Fear of Flying*. I thought *Private Property* was a great achievement. There was a lack of inhibition and a wonderful self-mockery. The way Roth reveals that is book. Even Anita Page

Cry 'Compromise' and let slip the dogs of royal commission

Column by Charles Long

In the last dozen years of the century crisis the debate has turned full circle. English Canada has been pined. Now the question has really turned into "What does Canada really want?"

Quebec's goals are clearer now. That's not to say they are compatible. There are conflicting goals within Quebec, but the society does have a sense of self that transcends the regional and ethnic divisions. The group grope over "who are we?" is largely passed in the province. The rest of us are still groping. Emotional customs preclude the practical ones, and we now turn to individual families, while Quebec moves ahead to referendum and decision.

Can we have a common goal—a common sense of self? Are we basically British? American? French? A not-quite of all these things? Or God forbid, something uniquely Canadian? Our provincial leaders have charged off in 10 different directions to the breakfast table (perhaps we're surrounded).

Perhaps, though we're overlooking the obvious and most uniquely Canadian aspect of the whole debate. The inability to agree on itself may be a large part of our national identity. Our history books tell English and French have colonized in this land in relative peace for centuries, not by agreeing on issues, but by avoiding them. Even our sovereignty was not won in a bloody American-style confrontation, but by avoiding the issue. A weak delay in declaring war, an extra seat at a conference.

Revolutions and new solutions into foreign confederations. The British withdrew and France the others a new synthesis arose. Or so goes the theory.

Canada has always done it differently. Avoid the clash. Try to accommodate both sides and sometimes a sort of compromise. Even our West was won in bureaucratic order rather than in the rough and tumble grab for power and wealth that typified other frontiers.

The Canadian compromise is uniquely ours. It aims at no benevolent model of compromise. It leaves no room. It leads us to federal governments—the only party without principles, but with the special Canadian code of somehow accommodating all principles, whether they conflict or not.

Compromise is not a part of the Canadian compromise. We are inconsistent because rejection of any nonconforming part would be painful. Why make a fuss? It's easier to accept everyone and everything and not ask if it belongs. Karl Marx could pass the Liberal party. So could Adam Smith. Ideology would never come up. The spirit of all this compromise is that we're not sure the need to agree.

It's a marriage that's assured. The blouse is off the nose and the young love



folded. We know our partner's nasty sides as well as the romantic. And we let things go. Insults and injustices that would spark riots in more Hegelian societies are quietly forgotten in ours. Why rock the boat? A royal commission now and then is as close as conflict as we like to come. Don't Of course—that it works. We've grown accustomed to incredible peace. Two languages, many cultures. A Medusa of governments—the ingredients for collapse have always been with us. We've survived. Issues that would destroy stronger systems wither in a weaker system precisely because we don't try to solve them. We discuss problems, sought bargains to do them, have conferences and generally bore masses to death. When all the heat is out of a problem, we sweep back under, give each a part of what they wanted, and forget the whole thing until it heats up again. That's the Canadian way. It wouldn't work anywhere else. We are unique.

William Lyon Mackenzie rebelled but his grandson became the epitome of enduring public stability—more firmly entrenched than the Family Compact. Karl found himself confronted, but his by now

been fully co-opted into mainstream culture and never hero worship. Our revolution was the last serious threat to us, we just don't take them seriously. We adopt them and conserve them until they're part of the whole again.

We're certainly not like the Americans. When they wanted to claim the whole Pacific Northwest (including the present part of British Columbia) their rallying cry was "54° 40' or fight." We settled for 49° and then faded quietly for a few years.

The Americans seem to have an innate need to know, to clarify, and to explain. They are experts at eliminating all the extraneous bits. They simplify and standardize. Quality aside, the quantity of American life is there for all to see. But, from the Model T to the 11 different harps and spaces, the quantity of American life is based on standardization. The Papa burger loves the case no matter where or by whom it is cooked. They are experts at reducing everything to a system.

We, on the other hand, are not all that good at standardization. We can't even agree on a standard language. No children and the alphabet with "and" and "are" or "see and not," obviously. Like typical Canadians, we find it easier to accept a 27-letter alphabet than to reject one of them. Who cares?

Perhaps the greatest difference between us and the Americans is the attitude on right and wrong. The source of their success is rationally choosing The One Right Way, then standardizing and systemizing it for mass preparation. The secret of our success is avoiding the choice between right and wrong and letting all possible solutions coexist. The One Right Way spawns inequalities and enigma. The Canadian way is more colonialist. "Whenever you say, mama [sings vocally] send the next missus, comes along."

We are in other nations what the Liberals are to politics. Liberals are to religion and the platypus is to fauna, an outlandish hybrid, a little bit of everybody in the species (it's a little information to even talk about Canadiana here). It's a contradiction in terms. But universal? Perhaps, like the Liberals, it's completely diverse, not bloody sure that will help us survive.

Charles Long is a self-proclaimed fan of the "new and refined" public service program. Look for him.

It felt like Europe.
With a dash of Hemingway.

Old waits. Clouds making faces.
Breeze, Summer. Waiter looked like a
Toulouse-Lautrec poster.
Aperitifs (Smirnoff and red vermouth).
Let's come back.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

SMIRNOFF CANADA IMPORTED BY SMIRNOFF LTD.



Canada
So much to go for.



Go north, young man

By the year 2000 the once barren wilderness area of northeastern Alberta sprawling from Fort McMurray to Inuvik, Canada, may become a 150-mile-a-day comfort having a population of more than 100,000. So prediction Alberta government survey that undertakes an aggressive new look at the province's famous Athabasca tar sands. The area is apparently so rich in petroleum coke and uranium (see uranium's rise last week) in the works, and for that matter, nobody really comprehends the full measure of the tar sands deposits just beginning to be tapped. But the prognosticators do say that in 25 years the province of Canada's petroleum needs will be supplied from the Athabasca region and that Fort McMurray—300 miles north of Edmonton and already the country's business boomtown—will have jumped from its present 25,000 people to 45,000. Another town of 45,000 will need to be accommodated workers and their families. The northward urban sprawl, an I likely to stop there.

Leaves: robust of the native.



Canada

Between the lines it seems to read 'Election'

There will not be an election at this time—
Pierre Trudeau August 1, 1978

The definition of "at this time" may seem itself because an election is not. While the prime minister sought to dampen speculation with his preannouncement at a television address to the nation, backroom election planning continued apace. Trudeau was clearly giving the opinion of a fall vote with open eyes. The upshot was the appointment of One Laag who was already holding down the transport and wheel board portfolios, as justice minister to replace the retiring Ron Bedford. It was hardly a surprise. If Trudeau had already decided to delay an election until next spring, he would have undertaken a major cabinet shuffle instead, reassigned Conservative leader Joe Clark since suitably passing for a fall vote.

But serious plans must be added to the political puzzle before Trudeau calls an election. Recent public opinion polls show that while the Liberals are leading an election today would likely result in a minority government. Trudeau has had a distinct aversion to minority rule since his return with it from 1972 to 1974 and desperately wants a majority for the coming showdown with Quebec over the referendum on independence and with the other provinces over constitutional reform (see page 16). At the same time, the polls show that the economy, not national unity, is the public's prime concern.*

Cynics suggest that such polls lay on Trudeau's desk when he retained international on a commercial flight and accompanied only by his inner bodyguard, from a Montreal vacation in late July. The better they class, prompted him to consider time on television two nights after his return to make his statement on the economy. Trudeau's advisors were in a simply following up on pledges he had made at the summit of leading industrial nations in Bonn last month. Declares Liberal campaign chairman Keith Duvrey: "The job came back from Bonn and wanted to make a statement and respond to economic priorities and that's this." But whether the pressure came from the polls or the summit, the fact remains that Trudeau felt compelled to do something dramatic.

His decision was taken with another:

*A recent Gallup poll showed 69 per cent of the respondent considered inflation as the country's biggest problem. 16 per cent saw it as unemployment, and just 16 per cent named national unity.

interest from Trudeau. One explanation was that he had to make up his mind quickly before going west to meet the Queen and attend the opening of the Commonwealth Commonwealth (see page 17). Trudeau was barely back in the capital before he began submitting aides to 24 lesser Doves for consideration. He saw his chief political advisors including Duvrey, plus a handful of ministers, including Marc Lalonde, who is also co-chairman of the Liberal campaign. Allan Rock, the government finance leader and Postmaster General, Gilles Lamontagne, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien and Treasury Board President Roben Andrus were considered by telephone despite the economic nature of Trudeau's statement. Most of the other ministers, at least those who could be reached on the beaches or at their cottages, were simply told to watch Trudeau on TV.

Trudeau dined with gold-medallist Diane Jones-Konshewski at Edmonton; she told, in fairness, is not at this time.



While the timing and format of Trudeau's address caught official Ottawa completely by surprise, the content arose from the conversation of the Post Office to a Crown corporation was largely a rebuke of old themes. Even the changes at the Post Office have been under consideration for 18 years (see box). The rest of the statement—the reference to leading jobs, public service wages and "harmonizing the heavy hand of government" from the private sector—has been a regular feature of Trudeau's approach to the economy in both public and private statements recently. The specific reference to \$2 billion in spending cuts was first made by Trudeau in a letter sent to government departments heads this spring asking for suggestions of programs that could be axed. Response to that letter had been "mingle," says one Trudeau aide, and the prime minister wanted to show the public exactly he was serious.

There was debate among Trudeau's advisors over whether to say anything at all in the address about a possible election. If talking were said, one with regard, the statement might be dismissed by the press and public as an electoral ploy. But considered other sides of Trudeau did say something about an election date, he might close off one of his options. It was finally decided that Trudeau should talk out an election "at this time," a phrase that might come back to haunt the Liberals finally, however, the Trudeau statement and its conservative tone was generally well received. Notable exceptions were the public service unions who plan to submit a statement on August 23 to discuss a counterattack, and the vote.

The government's next step was a special, four-hour cabinet meeting August 9 that brought grumbling ministers home early from Ottawa. It was to be followed that night by the announcement of specific spending cuts. Trudeau's target is the elimination of \$750 million from this year's spending plan and \$1.25 billion from next year's. Unemployment, housing and cultural programs are especially two areas he does not list. The rest of the economic package, including the side of some Crown corporations, the private sector will be unveiled during an election as is the Throne Speech and budget to be presented to Parliament this fall.

Waiting for an elec-

A step removed doesn't guarantee a step improved

It was fully a decade ago that Eric Kiersten, then postmaster-general, first proposed converting the Post Office to a Crown corporation. At one point Kiersten had such a bill ready for Parliament but he failed to convince a stubborn Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. Now, 10 years later, postmaster-general, five dozen staffers, \$1.1 billion worth of automation and 22 million angry Canadians later, a "bill-up" Trudeau has given in.

While legislation to create the "new" Post Office still must be introduced and



Greta Blackstone at a major postal facility in Toronto, awaiting her "new look."

passed through Parliament—taking anywhere from six months to a year—the path to Crown corporation status seems clear. There is hardly no opposition. Support is spread among the Liberal Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW) which believes it will be able to bargain for better protection from automation because Crown corporations normally have more liberal labor codes than government departments. Post Office management, which is hopeful it will be able to escape second-guessing by government bureaucrats, and one of all parties who want to put as much distance as possible between themselves and a bad postal service. But will it make any difference to the general public?

Crown corporation advocates believe the change will mean vastly improved service because the Post Office will be run more efficiently and with fewer labor disruptions. They argue that management will be able to plan further ahead and bargain directly with the postal unions with-

out having to check back with the treasury board on each and every clause—a process that has exacerbated labor negotiations in the past. Says vice-president Jean-Claude Perot: "If it is done properly, it means negotiation will be easier because we'll be away from those restrictions and away from the bureaucracy."

But the experience of the United States Postal Service, which, like Canada, converted to a Crown corporation, proved disappointing in 1969-70, is not encouraging. The British Post Office was hit with a seven-week strike within two years, not to mention a work-to-rule campaign this month. While it makes a public forum, there are steady complaints about declining services and it frequently takes longer for a letter to cross London than to travel to

northern Scotland. In the U.S., the postal service has expanded under the threat of a strike all summer and has increasing difficulty delivering its mail on time. To prove a point, this summer delays followed the original Pony Express trail from Salt Lake City, Utah, to Sacramento, California, and lost the U.S. Postal Service by a day in a race to deliver a first-class letter.

Gilles Lamontagne, Canada's current and perhaps last postmaster-general, is careful not to raise expectations too high. "I don't think people should think that it will be a miracle solution. But everything will be helped with in a Crown corporation," says Lamontagne. "But I think it's a good step toward more efficient service."

Much depends on the attitude of both management and the unions in the Post Office. In the past, their relationship has been characterized by mistrust and misunderstanding, and a Crown corporation alone will not change that. Says an internal government report on the Crown corporation idea: "Labor peace cannot be negotiated. And if glory isn't both sides are knowing for yet another strike, this fall." **IAN LAURIE**



Graham Bell's golden egg before here.

showings in business, boxing and particularly from boxing when the country had's been a medal since 1954. Any shadow that fell, fell on competitors from another arena, the politician. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was initially accused of snatching the Queen by being in the Mediterranean when she arrived in Canada, but a statement left between the two was later dismissed as "absolute and total rubbish" by a Buckingham Palace official. Alberta's own Peter Lougheed received most of the bad press—particularly in Britain—by appearing to be aloof and indifferent on the Queen's visit. Lady Dwyer protocol's insistence on only one open car (the Queen's) in any parade, the premier appeared directly behind the royal car in his own ceremonial wind-up and waving as he left just won the Stanley Cup.

But all that had nothing to do with the royal Games. The weather deserved a medal itself as did the city coverage. And there was also the remarkable performance from other countries. England's Dorey Thompson in the decathlon. The actress Donald Quenneville's third vaccinee winner in the 100-metre dash and the lady laughing way King's Henry

Brown who looks just world records—discontinued why he is very likely the most runner in history.

Nor were these Games, as to many athletic events are, a collection of youth. At the same time as people were saying British Columbia's Karen Kellall was worth waiting up as a general at age 15—she came fourth behind three other Canadians—there was New Zealand's Frances McKenna, at 42, winning her fourth gold medal in weightlifting. Admittedly, he did announce his retirement immediately afterward—but only from weight lifting. Next time, he says he'll be back as a boxer.

BOB MACLEOD

MEDICINE

Flashback to a nightmare

He had been sick for several days. But Benk Van Vliet could not explain what ailed him. Even the leg was a puzzle. He told her the cold came on it walk on it, but his muscles seemed stiff, almost hollow. And when the nurse pursued the strength in his leg, failed to return, the 34-year-old Norwalk Ontario Lerner decided to visit his family physician. Dr. Ross told Van Vliet the office not knowing what Dr. Hill had removed from the

Doctors lining up for shots at a clinic in Toronto: The bad moments are still fresh.



Doctors lining up for shots at a clinic in Toronto: The bad moments are still fresh.

When the police came, officials in the three affected provinces reacted swiftly. Ontario Health Minister Dennis Timbrell ordered a holiday and cancelled plans to attend Pope Paul VI's funeral. On the north shore of the Queen's Park, Bessie Black, many orders occupied the most-and-depart minister's headquarters (one side dubbed at the war years) for daily update and strategy sessions. At one point, Timbrell worried that adults who had failed to receive polio booster shots in the past five years—about 50 per cent of the population—were placing. Russian tourists with no babies in the chambers. For all that, many doctors covered the time more were vaccinated. Said Dr. Len Marvett, spokesman to Ottawa's department of health and welfare: "Seven out of 10 million people are not as epidemic."

If Canadians heard such about it all, they were told. In B.C.'s upper Fraser Valley, 30 miles from Vancouver, 15,000 people lined up at emergency clinics during the first two weeks of August. In Calgary, the figure was a steady 5,000 a week. And in Toronto, there were two-hour lines at some vaccination sites and reported steady declines who developed lymphoma from advancing cancer patients.

Bhyma, perhaps—but with a purpose. During the early 1950s, more than 2,000 Canadians a year were paralyzed by the polio virus, which invades and then destroys nerve cells in the long or spine. For many, the memories of that era are vivid and on some weeks of Dr. Jonas Salk's miracle vaccine was a precautionary measure of high precedence.

B.C.

Canadians be damned!

The walls of the Stage Room 100 miles east of Vancouver in a mountainous wilderness on-shored wilderness of copying some 5,000 acres on the Canada-U.S. border. Frequented mostly by fishermen and cameramen, the verdant country has for the past 11 years, become the hide-out for what the Vancouver Sun calls a "polio game" among environmental groups. A Washington state power authority and the B.C. government with the senior disarming whether the valley will become a national park or

Liberia and the man in whose living room the recently named R.O.S.S. (King On Stage Spoilers) was formed by seven environmental groups in 1968. Since then, when environmentalists were still known as conservationists, Kesteven job has retired in Kelowna and Bessie Black has looked at the 1967 agreement and rejected it.

On the U.S. side, an acre have appeared as well. With the energy crisis and last year's western drought, which saw Seattle importing one of state electricity at a price of 37.3 mills per kilowatt-hour, prospects of cheap power from a higher Ross (approximately, 1.5 mills per



Warren, an uninvited guest, for the back-pack and backpack unit.

The latest antic came last month with the announcement by the U.S. federal energy regulatory agency that authorized Seattle City Light to raise the training Ross Dam on the American side of the Skagit 121 feet, creating an additional reservoir 37 megawatts of power for energy-starved Seattle. The action will also cut right-side-of-Skagit wilderness north of the border under American water. The funding is supported by Seattle Mayor Charles Royer ("The dam is not really as bad as it's been drawn") and Washington state's shoot-from-the-top Governor Day LeRoy who transfers. "It should have been done 10 years ago."

As justification, the Americans happily gave a 1967 agreement signed by re-elected mayor Ray Wilkins of W.A.C. Bennett's second government of the day which gave away rights to the Skagit for 99 years for \$36.50 a year. "It was a plain as day 33.30 a year." To this day we can't understand the rationale of that deal," says Dave Brownson, 37, former

Friends of the Skagit at it is and has always been: no hands across the border.

kilowatt hour) make Seattle impatient after more than a decade of B.C. hand wringing. Mayor Royer has previously authorized Seattle City Light engineers to draw up final construction plans.

Away from the public, most observers believe that some compromise will be reached and that Seattle, with construction 12 to 15 months away and cash available for an estimated \$16.5 million in 1978, \$12.2 million today) cannot afford to dicker much longer without making an international incident (the House of Commons has twice voted support of the B.C. position on Skagit). Royer certainly is impatient. "We say in the West, it's what we do best."

THOMAS HOPKINS

QUEBEC

Black Friday

It had been a cheerful Friday night outing to the famous Musée Lévesque de la Martine (see in Eastern Quebec, for a handful of

24 hanged dead men and women and 22 left-handed friends from the rising town of Asbestos. After the play on the 23-year-old has bailed down the steep, winding road from the theatre, they were already singing folk songs. But when driver Denis Maréchal tried to make a sharp U-turn, the car pitched—suddenly, between 100 and 140 pounds—then dropped to 20.

When the bus rounded the last curve on the road and hit the steep peak of the hill carrying a building toward Lac d'Argent, Maréchal realized that his cockroach made the right-angle turn at the bottom. But the driver braked slowly the bus, he figured, and striking the water would bring it to a quick stop in the shallows. Instead the bus plumed across the water for 250 feet—and then it stalled, so safely that Maréchal thought it was raining on him.

For 10 to 15 minutes, he and Father Gaudin Saint-Jean resisted the jerky passengers that everything was all right and they would stay until they were rescued. Finally, however, the rear of the bus began to sink, dragged down by the weight of the motor.

"The water rushed in like a man," Father Saint-Jean said later. "It was as quick as quick." He could hear the choking and gasping of those drowning in the rear. Maréchal shouted that everyone who could swim should get out. Trapped and helpless in 20 wheathairs, the victims scrambled in horror as the bus sank. Maréchal, Saint-Jean and five others—most of them handicapped—managed to make their way to shore. 40 others died. It was the worst bus disaster in Canadian history.

For almost a week, the town of Asbestos mourned. For two days, the dead lay in open coffins in a great circle inside the town square, and on days after the tragedy a mass funeral was held. Over 3,000 relatives and friends packed the square—a third of the town—and all but the men with the great epoxy job John-Manville asbestos mine gathered outside or along the route to the cemetery in the local radio station broadcast the service. The news of the loss was palpable. Asbestos is a particularly disquieting town with a tradition of cutting for its handicapped citizens. All of the victims lived at home and were members of an active association which employed several others in a sheltered workshop.

But as the shock wears off, more and more questions are being asked. Why is there no obligatory inspection system for buses? Why was there no guardrail at the bottom of the hill? Why were efforts to evacuate the bus left out? And if the federal Safety After Minors Deaths Law addressed liability to operators, "Government has a tendency to act too late." But in addition to appointing a coroner to hold an inquest, it has been confirmed that the Quebec government has named two independent coroners. Lac d'Argent University is ready to give up the tragedy of Lac d'Argent.

GORDON READER

A problem of mammoth proportions

The island Atlantic lapdog gaily at the side of the 50-foot masonry that, like day before had been a humpback whale, hugging his way across the mouth of Trinity Bay. Sea-pelicans are not uncommon off Newfoundland and it is said, coast nowadays. The great whales are coming back in numbers not seen since long before the ban on whaling in 1972. While they may be cheered as good news by many who know and love whales from afar, and mean by some Newfoundlanders, they are a source of natural history which may ultimately plunge Newfoundland to depths of catastrophe unheard of even in the most

Gracia Cove, Trinity Bay, has never seen so many whales before. Sitting on top of Dido head, Frankie says this summer when "you can't see nothing but spiky on the bay" as the whales search for food, sometimes in a cod line. Menchies has been lucky—the last only one trap this year. Daniel Curphy, of Hopedale has lost five. Damage in traps destroyed or hopelessly crippled, has gone over \$100,000 and that without including lost fish. For such men as Menchie's whales are no more welcome than a red-antlered squid of locusts would be, leaping across the whistled of the Pevensie or the back terms at southern Ontario.

Many Newfoundlanders hold that without whale control—or better limited, "harmless" as they prefer to express it—whaling will be impractical as early as next season in some areas of the island. And although the federal fisheries department



Whale at Central Canadian conversations about the animal still hurt.

Whales pose problems for Newfoundlanders. Fisheries ministers and the re-landed humpbacks like to track closely on small capelin fish which they follow close in to shore. They also have an annoying way of following their prey straight into a boat and trap (worth from \$4,000 to \$10,000) which means the cod are lost. The trap is lost the whole season is lost. This behavior is causing fear for controls at least, at most for a partial raising of the ban against whaling—despite the moral, ecological and even religious arguments that have been advanced against killing mammals who take in seals again.

Charles J. Menchie, a fisherman from

Whaling as it was 150 years ago, when they made mischief they really risked it.

James it is considering a return to commercial whaling, owners of seal whaling stations in South Dido dominant since 1972, have already begun talking and offering the industry in anticipation of profits renewed. As at which should provide interesting discussion at the meeting of the International Whaling Commission next year when Canada's representatives will certainly be called upon to reconcile their traditional opposition to whaling with the U.S. and Japan with the renewed enthusiasm among some Newfoundlanders to take up the harpoons again.

BOWEN PLASION

Closure: The United States

All The President's Boys

Carter's drowning, they're tossing him anchors

By William Lowther

Poor Geoffrey Boerne—who had just grossly embarrassed his old pal and patron, the president of the United States—was feeling sorry for himself. Forced out of his \$21,000-a-year White House job as adviser on mental health and drug abuse, brought down by his own shortcomings with drugs, Dr. Boerne (a psychiatrist) summed up his sentiments with a classic "why me?" line. "It falls into the category of life being unfair." And so he is degraded in disgrace he wishes out to the very people who had helped him meet the other members of Jimmy Carter's extraordinary, astonishing administration. There is a "high incidence" of mental illness among members of the White House staff, he confided to a group of reporters, and some of them even went on strike.

Now that sort of thing may be far far



The most infamous, perhaps, a political adviser Hamilton Jordan "a foot-in-the-mouth jerk" in the description of one White House secretary. Then there's Andrew Young, the UN ambassador, dismissed to say the wrong thing at the wrong time, count "Champ" Hugh Carter, who picks up 1972's week while assigned to out voice by saving private or magazine subscriptions, and Jody Powell, the current press

Hamilton Jordan, first-mouth of the year



spokesman who protects and promotes them all.

Of course there are others on the staff who are beyond reproach, among them studious Sir Edmund, the career domestic policy expert, and Tim Kraft, the new fixer with the outside-of-Washington Democratic power structure. But the president's closest friends, the ones who have influenced him most in the past and are likely to follow policy for the future, are as judgmental as the Keystone Kops. Their penchant for talking without discretion, for acting without restraint, has reduced the proportion of a national press, like television. Their nature are not simply matters of personal trivia; the fact is their dubious traits could influence national and world affairs.

Indeed, it may be the least help many does anything that is the cause of many of the difficulties which Carter finds himself facing today. Boerne's antics are only the latest and most disturbing example of this.

Boerne is a handsome, urbane and charming individual. Born in Oxford, England, he came to the United States to study



Andrew Young, words definitely fall him

medicine at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia, receiving his medical degree there in 1962. During the next 10 years he became an American citizen, served with the army in Vietnam, opened a mental health clinic in Atlanta and was appointed director of the Georgia Office of Drug Abuse by then-governor Carter. Realizing Carter, who throughout his political life has adopted mental health care as a pet project, took an instant liking to the young Dr. Boerne and his old accent—a blend of clipped British and Georgia drawl.

For his part, the doctor resented in the excitement and glamour of politics. He was never really liked by the Georgia Good Old Boys, but Jody Powell and Hank Jordan

Jody Powell, the master's voice



Hamilton Jordan, first-mouth of the year



isolated him as a novelty—a force in his own right only because the boss, and the boss's wife, enjoyed him. In 1972 Boerne accompanied Carter, along with Jody and Blum (they like being referred to that way) to the Democratic convention in Miami Beach. After failing to persuade Democratic presidential nominee Senator George McGovern to choose Carter as a running mate, the team returned to Atlanta. And with the convention's hours and hours still ringing in his ears, Boerne wrote an 11-page memo strongly recommending that Carter run for president in 1976. He was the first to suggest it. Blum and Jody had reason to view that memo, but the doctor beat them by a week. They have never forgiven him. Believing him to be glibly, meddlesome and vain, they have seen to it that Boerne has been a background figure ever since. But the strong

personal ties to the Carters were never broken. And Jimmy Carter is loyal to a fault. He looks after his friends.

On being elected, burdened with a promise to keep staff at a manageable minimum, he still created a job for Boerne. Nearly \$1,000 dollars a week, a tiny office in the basement, three secretary helpers and the title of special assistant to the president for mental health and drug abuse.

There is a Peter Sellers quality about Boerne, a bubbling ability to bring trouble down on his own head. It was evident last July 7 when his lovely young assistant,

Elise Meisky, told him she was having trouble sleeping and was suffering emotional problems. She was frightened to see an outside psychiatrist in case the visit showed up on some future security check and labeled her "unstable." Boerne wrote her a prescription for 15 Quaalude pills. But for some unexplained reason he put a false name—Sarah Brown—on the prescription. Quaalude is a trade name for Methaqualone, a powerful central nervous system depressant. It is a groovy abuse pill. It has a reputation among "wingers" as an aphrodisiac; it is supposed to make the sensations of sex more intense and longer lasting. "They have the same effect as narcotics, except there's no hangover," says one who knows. Also, like narcotics, they make you drowsy.

Boerne was prescribing them, so a non-customer, Sarah Brown, in sleeping pills became "Tadles," as the students call them, and so abused as a "Tad" drug, pharmacists are constantly on the watch for phony prescriptions. Meisky asked a friend to get the pills for her. The druggist was suspicious and called the police. The scandal was on.

Was there a "Dr. Fordgood" in the White House (drowsing official kippers as his co-workers)? As the scandal began to surface, Boerne decided to take a leave of absence on full pay. He was never asked to resign. The very next day, however, columnist Jack Anderson went on television to say that he had witnesses who had seen Boerne smoking marijuana at parties and others who had seen him selling cocaine. The doctor denied it, but other journalists found other witnesses to confirm Anderson's story.

It was one of those upprone notions. The president's chief adviser on drug abuse seemed to be smoking coke. All day long Boerne baddied with Ham and Jody "measuring" the damage. They didn't ask him to resign, but they didn't encourage him to stay either. Late in the afternoon he was accepted with some bitterness that he had to go. It was as he left the executive mansion for the last time that he talked with reporters and made—from the president's point of view—such a dreadful error with his remarks about the White House staff and drugs.

By unhappy coincidence, Carter had planned his first prime-time television conference of the year for that night. It was designed by Gerald Rulifson, the new image chief, to make the president look good. Having just returned from a successful European summit, Carter could portray himself as a winner at a time when he was faltering in the polls. The Boerne affair overshadowed everything. Carter's best laid plans were for nothing. Instead of a boost, he was booed. With a little help from his friends, the president was left looking bad, again.

It's a regular occurrence. It is so clear that he just can't control his own fate that his judgment on picking them has to be ques-



Boerne (left) and Meisky (below) took the drug problem off the streets and put it in the White House. One of Carter's new anti-bureaucrats is Stu Eizenstat (below).



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tioned. Only a week before the Beirut incident, Carter was made to look a fool and lose face before the Soviets when Andy Young told a *Florida* newspaper that there were "hundreds, maybe thousands" of political prisoners in America. Coming as the statement did, with the president in full-throated condemnation of Moscow for its treatment of dissidents, the line was as supportive as a stab in the back. Even for good old fox-to-mouth Andy it was outrageous.



High Carter blood is thicker than water.

It followed other classic examples of the ambassador's diplomacy. As Carter was castigating Fidel Castro for sending troops to Africa, Young said that Communist Cuba in Angola provided "a certain stability and order." A little later, with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance in Rhodesia deeply engaged with the British on a peace plan, the entire press corps announced that the Afrikaners were fearful enough likely to run out on any deals they made.

To be fair, Carter clunged his wits last month over the "political prisoner" fiasco. But by and large when it comes to old-time friends like Andy—a black who helped

Carter pull the black vote—the president takes a wise monkey decision, seeing, hearing and speaking no evil. However, conceivable it may have been a plus if his loyalty factor no longer a plus if his liability. But it would be a hard bet for Carter to kick it, even from his political beginnings and it's tied up with the two men who are, and always have been, closest to him—Jody and Mary. Take Mary first, let's be more important.

In effect, 35-year-old Hamilton Jordan (he says Jordan) is the chief of all White House staff. He's also the president's No. 1 political adviser. He has access to every meeting, to every document, no matter how secret. He is consulted on every problem, he has input on nearly every decision. He is arguably one of the most powerful men in the United States. As such, unfettered but in the public eye as the president's alter ego, one might think he'd try to appear responsible at least.

But in fact, Jordan goes out of his way to use foul language and shocking expressions in front of women. Secretaries say he is "grossed out" by him. As a result of their complaints about his procreancy, he agreed last spring that he would start wearing underpants in future while playing tennis on the White House courts.

Jordan coordinates the president's peace efforts in the Middle East. But he knew nothing of the area when he got the assignment, and after studying the issues he

asked a member of Zbigniew Brzezinski's national security staff "Are the Palestinians the biggest of Israel?" He was told, accurately, that was one way to look at it but... "Now I get it," Jordan said, exclaiming no confidence.

Then there was the near-mendible incident at Barbara Walters' party for the ambassadors of Israel and Egypt. Jordan had been drinking too much, which for a man of his level causes nothing. He was sitting next to the Israeli ambassador's wife, Varian Dwyer. On his right was Ann Arledge, wife of the president of sports. At one point in the dinner, Jordan announced to the table, "This administration has to take a rest."

Later in the evening Mrs. Arledge was replaced by the Egyptian ambassador's wife, Amal Ghorbal, thus leaving Carter's coordinator for Middle Eastern peace sitting between the wives of the Egyptian and Israeli ambassadors. He chose to take advantage of the situation by pairing down Mrs. Ghorbal's bodice and saying, "I've just seen the twin pyramids of Egypt."

It was about that time that Jordan's wife left him. A few weeks later he was in the papers again for spitting Anastasia and even over a girl who told him to stop rubbing her back in a single bar. Why he finds it necessary to insult and embarrass women is a question for a psychiatrist, but the way he conducts himself on the president is a matter of national concern.

He may be devoid of grace, style and dignity, but Jordan does possess an eerie Machiavellian instinct for election campaigns. He devised the anti-Washington racket which got Carter elected. He was bound to get the top White House job on the strength of that alone. But then there brought his and Washington has with him. He doesn't like compromise and senators and he has it. He knows House Speaker Tip O'Neill returns the favor and refers to him as Hanoi Joe. And that is one of the reasons the White House has such a hard job getting legislation passed.

Asked about the president, Jordan said one reporter, "I think maybe he lives nastily through Jody and myself. He is very disciplined and very rigid in terms of his schedule. If you look at the contrast in terms of our lifestyles it is pretty vivid. Maybe he enjoys seeing Jody and me doing things he can't do himself. Maybe every once in a while he wishes he were not as disciplined as he is." That is a new backed up by psychiatrists who have theorized that the president may actually be indirectly encouraging Jordan to be outrageous by letting him believe their relationship depends in part on his letting out the president's own repressed fantasies.

Carter and his closest aids always reach back to the stifling confines of rural deep south Georgia—he the upright, iron-willed Baptist lay preacher who admitted in a candid moment to have known "fucking

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my soul," and they're red-necked, good of boys letting the devil take the hindmost as they tumble through the corn, cursing, booing and raising hell.

There may be no good reason why he shouldn't live out his fantasy through them, but it's alarming to find them living out theirs through him. And that's the dark side of what is known as the Georgia Mafia. Some, saying it is rather more exotic, call it the Magnolia Mafia.

Up front for the gang, vodka and velvet is Joseph Lance Powell, Jr., 34, the press spokesman. He has been described as looking like a cross between a Baptist choirboy and a Mississippi circuitous gambler. He was dismissed from the Air Force Academy in 1964 for cheating on a history exam. Six years later when Carter was running for governor of Georgia, Jody signed on to work for him as a driver. For six months the two men travelled the highways and byways of Georgia forging a personal and political friendship that has never been threatened. It has led the onetime chauffeur into a \$56,000-a-year job. It's a father-son relationship.



Lance: after all, what are friends for?

"Jody Powell probably knows me better than anyone else except my wife," the president once said. For his part, Jody presents the White House with biting wit and ferocity. On a wall of his office is a large photograph of a gasoliner trying to keep balance as he straddles two broken roads. The caption says: "Life is a predicament."

It's the press secretary's motto. Powell has established himself as not only the wisest presidential press secre-

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lary since John F. Kennedy's assassination but who is the best and most powerful since James C. Hagerty spoke for Dwight D. Eisenhower some 21 years ago. His biggest disaster to date came when he tried to plant a false and damaging story about Senator Charles Percy. The story stuck backfired, triggering a storm of public denunciations. At a subsequent press briefing, Powell said "I have desecrated my name as the president as being inappropriate, regrettable and dumb. And, as is often his habit, he seemed to accept my version of the situation without question."

In another bizarre episode, when *The Washington Post* published the story of Hum springing Armstrong and others, Powell named a 32-page memo denying it, although the incident was witnessed by dozens. During the long-running Bert Lance scandal, even when it was clear to all that the robust banker had to go, Powell was supporting him like a brother.

The bitterness of the Lance affair still lingers on. Months later, at the White House correspondent dinner, the post-prandial spokesman said "The [Carter] was a little upset about a recent [Bert] Selie column saying that Bob Strauss had been inoffensive about for these days and nothing is any cheaper. Bob said that wasn't true. What about the [Folger] Press?" Selie had just won a Pulitzer for his New York Times column on Lance.

Jody is often the wing behind the Carter smile. Yet he knows just when to let the administration smile a little to itself. When the president appeared casual. Haght to start copywriting post, Powell was asked if Haght was qualified. He replied "Well, he's not. I guess that should be enough."

Of course, all presidents have had their crises and trusted confidantes on the inside. But generally they have not put them on the public payroll. Kennedy had his "Irish Mafia." Lyndon Johnson had his "Boys from Texas." But there was never anything like this. The House-Link and the Texas concerned were political figures in their own right, with combined credentials. Nevertheless, there are some advantages to having a "White House" man as distinct from a son. The president may not get the best advice, the variety of opinions the vision of broad indulgence he needs, but there does tend to be less friction within the team.

Richard Nixon's dachshund duo Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman ran a fear-filled volatile operation. Compared to that, today's White House is a happy place. Presidential spokesman Gerry Condo is infectious. "I used to think that the White House would be the sort of place where you could go deaf from the din of knives clanking into buckets. But not so. Most of the time it's pretty low-key. There's no constant battle, no warring factions like there are in the Washington Post where I used to work. In fact, compared to the Post this place is like a sea bath."



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a reason to divide. At the heart of the matter, the banking industry is consolidating in Toronto, with key offices in all the banks quietly moving to the huge towers at Bay and King streets. And just what combines a head office is a matter of definition. Quebec's Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau often points out that the head office of the Bank of Nova Scotia is in Halifax — but the executive offices are all in Toronto.

It's one of the stronger ironies of modern-day Quebec that the very uncertainty that is driving some to leave is making others all the more determined to stay. Bilingual, comfortable, these people find the challenge and excitement that comes from grappling with the political situation a constant exhilaration, and a refreshing change from what often drives the brightest of the English community out of Quebec: the just the constant stifling conservatism of traditional English Montreal. "I have never been happier in Quebec than since November 15. It's lovely every aspect of it," says Reford MacDuggall, a retired stockbroker who is general manager of one of the army groups, the Postes Actives Cooperative. "Because of the separation threat there is more of a feeling of recognition between moderate anglophones and moderate francophones. The English are making more of an effort and to the case of French Canadians, I think they feel less threatened."

Brian Gaffney, a publisher, active Progressive Conservative and Westminster alderman whose great-grandfather was mayor of Montreal, is equally enthusiastic. "This is still the best place to live in Canada," he says. "A person like me, with family here, roots here, accepts the fact that Bell 101 will not be substantially changed with the Liberals or the Union Nationalistic. That ball game is over. The province is going to be a very French place. Those who have accepted that will make it. Those who haven't will leave, and will have a tough time."

So far, that change is felt only in small ways in Westmount. More French is heard in the park and at the pool, and one of the first schools to have a French immersion program. Rodrigue Subich, who became mayor of French. But the adjustments are gradual, barely noticeable.

What local controversy there is, Gaffney is cheerfully at the centre of. He stirred up some amusement last month when he successfully moved that Westmount stop serving the Quebec maple syrup every year because she engaged to say thank you for the last shipment. A compromise was reached later and Her Majesty will be receiving a smaller shipment from now on. The royal tradition remains strong.

Westmount Park, along with the public library and Victoria Hall on its northwest corner, was granted as Westminster's contribution of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1907. The park is the public centre of Westmount — a beautiful 20-acre forest stretching south from Sherbrooke Street with playing fields and tennis courts, play-



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SX-580	20 W (8 Ω 16%)	10.5 dB (100V)	Class 1	1	1	1	1	1
SX-580	20 W (8 Ω 16%)	10.5 dB (100V)	Class 1	1	1	1	1	1



greenhouse and a winding artificial stream feeding a small pool. To the south, there is an indoor skating rink and outdoor pool; however since the pool is restricted to carrying Westerners' scudbugs, many of whom retreat to summer cottages in the Eastern Townships, it is rarely swarmed and seems more like a private club than a public pool. As the way-at-home to be by the pool, children from the working class, francophone Saint-Henri district, across the tracks to the south ride their bicycles up the hill to splash about in the artificial stream, making the sedate park seem incongruously reminiscent of a Norman Rockwell painting.

Beside Veterans' Hall is one of the traditional anchor landmarks of Westmount, a flowered clock, carefully maintained year after year. But this year, it seems somehow appropriate that behind the clock is the nose and face of the only major construction project in Westmount, a seven-storey home. As power shifts from English to French (from Westmount to Outremont) in Quebec and on a national scale from Montreal to Toronto and Calgary, it seems as if Westmount is becoming more like Vancouver than Toronto's Rosedale or Ottawa's Rockcliffe Park: a place to retreat or retire to rather than a place where the powerful congregate.

So it is in this atmosphere—evocative of the last days of an empire, with angry and frightened individuals and companies packing to leave—that many anglophones with roots in Quebec going back many generations are finding that their ties and loyalties remain with the province. Their response is to get involved.

Up the hill from Westmount Park,

where the houses are still attached and look, if not modest, at least never ostentatious, René Scowen is sitting on his back porch. Bright, talented, bilingual, well-educated (Boston's University, Harvard Business School, London School of Economics) and well-off, the 47-year-old Scowen is typical of the kind of English Quebecer who used to gravitate naturally to Ottawa, only the mere suspicion about his future in provincial politics. It is a sign of the times that this man has come to feel that his commitment is to Quebec, rather than Canada, on July 5 he jumped into the provincial political arena with an impressive victory for the federal party in a provincial by-election in Notre-Dumonde-Grâce, next door to Westmount.

"I have certain reservations about Canada and certain reservations about Ottawa," which have been reinforced by being at there for a couple of years, Scowen explains. (He worked for the Anglo-Indian Board and the Task Force on National Unity.) "There are a awful lot of the really, the problems and the possibilities for people are in some ways the size of Quebec rather than the size of Canada. Canada is and always has been to me more of an arrangement of convenience than an ideal union. To me, the basis for a political society cannot and should not be Canada. The basis is here."

While these feelings are commonplace coming from near the most devoted French-Canadian federalists (before July 1 this year, Jean Marchand said he did not expect to be celebrating Canada Day here) "it is difficult to celebrate a provincial arrangement," Scowen's remarks are unusual for an English Quebecer.

The floral clock remains, a symbol of this anglophile tale, and so does that the old tradition of lawn bowling (below).



There is a group of people with book-greenish haircuts in Scowen's who have become involved in the current debate in Quebec—the leaders of the *Positive Action Committee*. In fact on the same Alex Perreault, a Montreal lawyer, is a close friend since their days together at Trinity College School and Backlogs. Avenir Perreault: "Once separation isn't going to drive me out of this province. My contribution has been to say, in effect, 'Settle down a not going to come into power for four years and count me to pick up everything I've put into this place and leave.'"

So in March the *Positive Action Committee* ran frankly emotional newspaper ads headed, "A Time to Come Home, Not to Leave," and saying in part "This is your homeland, whether you came here yesterday, or 200 years ago. You belong here. No one can make you leave except yourself. There may be heat. There may be swallowing hard and the clearing of throats. But what happens here in the next few years will determine for the world whether people can ever learn to get along. Stay. Stay home."

One of the contradictions of the situation, however, is that people have always left Montreal—partly because of the conservative nature of the old Anglo-Scottish business community that is now identified with Westmount. The old established families of English Montreal had been wealthy for three generations when Timothy Eaton opened a corner store in Toronto. Granted with the ease that comes with several generations of wealth, it was a class that excluded not only the French but the innovators, the speculators and the newness risks.

Thus, in the 1850s the directors of the Bank of Montreal regarded some discomfort on their mandates when, to stave off collapse, they had to accept onto the board a newly rich brewer named Molson. And a century later, Sir James Dunn was kept out of the Mount Royal Club for years because the members disapproved of his speculative fortune.

In fact, it is only relatively recently that the old, wealthy families of Montreal moved to Westmount. As journalist and local historian Roger Andrew Cullum points out: "Westmount is not really the history of the old families, the old families lived in the Square Mile (the elegant district between Mount Royal Park and the city centre). Examine Westmount's large houses, you are one of a glimmer in the architecture of the 1930s, evoking old English houses." It was after the crash of 1929, when the expansion of downtown led to take its toll on the bourgeois mansions of the Square Mile that the old families began to move west to the hillside communities they had so scorned a generation before.

The move did little to change what was largely an isolated group, aware from what was happening in the rest of the province. With large family compounds in the

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Bounce for glory

Sorry, Ms. Steinem, but girls will still be girls

By Judith Timson



What else left else are women for?
—Doe Courtney, public relations.
Gloria's Silver Marlowe

In a sweat-drenched high-schooled gymnasium on a brutally hot summer night, the Argo Sunshine Girls are working out. *Four body, my body, everybody move your body*, is the breathy message coming out of a disco tape in the gym—one of seven teams in the big, new Canadian Football League cheerleading league this year—show every sign of having reached a higher state of consciousness, so fixed are their expressions, so emphatic their stances. They are unconcerned as they slide across the floor in a burr-wiggling dance walk. They are positively rept as they make a sharp turn and head into the Huddle. They are approaching their task with a bounding enthusiasm. If any further evidence is needed, head cheerleader Pamela Smith, black hair all neatly styled, is there to provide it. "As I see it, we're making history."

There's something strange going on in Canadian football at the start of a new season when 22 disco-dancing cheerleaders in vinyl go-go boots and cleavage-baring sailor tops can generate as much attention as the arrival of possibly the best running back in the league—the Toronto Argonauts' quarter-million-dollar baby Terry Metcalf, son of the St. Louis Cardinals. What has happened is simply that sex has come to the fore.

It's accurate in original thought, cheerleaders have traditionally provided the sexual element in football games even when they've been the wholesome Debbie Decker type. But back in 1972, the Dallas Cowboys, certainly one of the top clubs in the National Football League, went over the whole thing by bringing in dancing ladies with a come-hither, halfway-out-of-their-shirts appeal that upped the blood pressure of football fans everywhere. (The "ball game of a dying civilization," rapped Ann Landen.) The 1976 Super Bowl was a pivotal point in flunk and trash cheerleading history. It was a stunningly successful appearance before the huge TV audience the Super Bowl attracts. (Not so successful for the Cowboys they were cheering on; they were clobbered 21-17 to the Pittsburgh Steelers.) The Dallas cheerleaders graduated to cover-story attention in major American magazines, promotional tours endorsing their Canada (focusing a near-hit at the Toronto Sportsman), Show Just March! and even a television special of their own.

Gloria's Silver Marlowe. It may look like cheerleading but it's a "growth experience"

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Eastern Townships, the Laurentians or the lower St. Lawrence, the old English Monasteries had few dealings with the French majority. "They dealt with Quebec City the way the British dealt with the Raj in India," one old Monastier said. "They struck a deal." In some circles, the attitude persists. One son of an old family only recently told a friend that his wife was making a problem with the gardener. "I've learned from my ancestors that if you don't learn the language you don't get involved with these hordes," he said with a satisfied smile.

Strongly enough, many of these who decided to adapt 15 years ago and went to university at Laval or the Université de Montréal have left for Ontario, Central Black of Angus Corporation, near Wharfedale. The London Free Press, lawyer Michael Mergles, all studied at Laval in the early 1960s, and are all in Ontario now—not because of problems with French, or the Parti Québécois, but because the economic situation is no longer centered in Montreal. The ability to adapt that led them to learn French in the 1960s led them to Toronto in the 1970s.

After months of apparent indifference, the Linguistic government has ranked this a low-priority application of the language laws will force the most dynamic parts of the English business community to leave. Thus far concessions have meant to head offices, permitting the use of English in companies that do 50 per cent of their business outside Quebec.

It is only a start in a changing attitude to business. *Business Week* magazine recently suggested that "the tide may be turning." Montreal is not in the full flush of a boom, a beginning to emerge again as a robust city. And Bernard Landry, the Quebec member of seats for economic development, joked with regret that he had received a study showing an expansion of head-office activities in Montreal and was so surprised he sent it back to the researchers to make sure. Certainly, American-based corporations seem to have regained confidence. General Motors not only spent \$35 million converting its car-assembly plant in St. Therese in 1977, it is building a two-assembly plant in St. Eustache. Halcrow Industries Ltd. and Benda Corp. are building a \$75-million auto brake-assembly plant at Pembroke near Montreal.

These are signs of a revived economic attraction to Quebec, perhaps enough to convince some would-be refugees to stick around. But on top of all this, there's always the legendary stubbornness of the stereotypical denizens of Westmount. A member of one old family, whose wealth and Quebec roots go back to the early 19th century, was asked after the Parti Québécois victory if his family line was thinking of leaving. "No," he snarled. Under what conditions would be consider moving? "We move," he replied slowly, "when the mountains move."

New highlights of a similar, if not exactly high, wattage are lights up the heads of Q-Tee club members from coast to coast—*Q-Tee* has an *do it as you see it*! The national remains a little fuzzy—its attendance has varied all year (increasing by 200,000 a year over the past two seasons) so it can't be so draw events, but it may be to keep 'em happy once they're there. B.C. Lions General Manager Bob Addles reports the average age of prize-givers has dropped in the past few years. "We're getting a lot more 18- to 25-year-old men. They used to be much older."

Whatever the reason, by providing what they thought-fancily termed as new "entertainment packages," the clubs really have nothing to lose. Most of them have found sponsors who are only too willing to separate upward of \$20,000 from their previous budgets to outfit the girls who are in the tradition of Dallas receive, if anything, a \$100,000 a game. While that won't keep them in beer spray and party hats for more than a few games, they will be carefully eager to surrender their rights a work in rehearsal and game time to be an Argo.

Southwest Girl "Our uniforms are perfect," bristles one of them, or an Edmonton Q-Tee (with pants featuring swollen stretching over mammoth breasts, Alberta crude may take on a whole new meaning) or part of the Silver Machine, a joint effort by the Ottawa Rough Riders and the Vancouver Colonial Blue line, offering modeling agency lookies rigged up in \$200-a-pair, silver lame hot boots and silver corset suits. The Ottawa girls (girls may have become women in the lexicon of women's libbers, but cheerleaders, with or without their pom-poms, will always be girls) arrive in a silver bus, accompanied by two bodyguards, "trained in a martial art situation," according to Rough Riders' spokesman Don Courtney. "By doing this, our girls get a chance to expand as people," he explains.

"I like to call them the icing on the cake," beams Dick Smith, general manager of the Toronto Argos and a man noted more for his silver-haired handsomeness

Toronto's Sunshine Girls further prove that Hot Town has finally come of age.

than his impressive status. As Smith tells it, "Over the off-season we became more and more convinced that sometimes and rather stuff wouldn't wash anymore. We're in a big league city and we need big-league entertainment. Then one day I hit me. The Argo Sunshine Girls." Quick as a bunny Smith was on the phone to Doug Cragston, publisher of *The Toronto Sun*, a fairly little tabloid that has thumbed its nose at feminists and made its reputation partly on its daily pictures of feed-needing "No-telling Girls." Within 30 seconds Cragston was on the case, agreeing to sponsor a squad of Dallas-style cheerleaders which would feature, and Smith, "a wholesome, fresh, personality-type girl with, naturally, a nice figure." The girls would also have to possess dancing ability, and the Sun's previous coverage, Linda Rubin, and "they would have to sort of reassure dignified."

If there is a long-run-in-check aspect to the presentation, one of the word "wholesome," there is at the same time a thoroughly naïve quality to be found in the cheerleaders' perceptions of themselves. Piling just a bunch of big, bad Argos just before the start of a must game, the Argo Sunshine Girls offered the players almost, almost satirical smiles. "You know, I think they really respect us," cooed Jennifer. Just out of context, one of the players replied, "I think we should have as a gag-bag." The others laughed.

Nevertheless, the fact that players and cheerleaders are forbidden to mix socially, it is understandable that—ready concerns arise—the players have other things on their minds. The Argos, fired up by the presence of Motown, are talking once more of going to the Grey Cup, although they haven't managed to win it since 1952. Gene in Hamilton, the Toots' controversial owner Harold Ballard, a man who likes to be different and loud about it, made extra waves by insistently describing the new cheerleaders as "a lot of broads half-dressed jumping around like nannies," and implying they were straight out of the body-cue parties. Ballard preferred to get his money on the lips of Jimmy Edwards, last year's finest player in the CFL, who this season was rewarded with a new \$3-million, six-year contract. In Montreal three seasons to be trim season for the presence of Les Greniers Alouettes (bears whose shirts with side slits, made to encourage red underwear—"Very cute, but we're not going the sex route," says the coordinator) Despite the team's depth and its (say the sportswriters) almost guaranteed trip to the Eastern Conference Finals, the Alouettes are suddenly having trouble selling season tickets.

In the West, the Edmonton Eskimos have their new 43,000-seat Commonwealth Stadium, and with 39,000 season tickets already sold, thanks to Edmonton's unparalleled prospects of going to the Grey Cup, the Eskimos are suddenly the wealthiest team in the league—a title Toronto used to



Vancouver's Sunshine Girls: you were great, kid, but we had to rat your secret

run away with. With veteran quarterback Tom Watson as well-known-looking and effective player in over, and Rose Bowl star Warren Moon looking him up, the Q-Tees may not be getting as much attention

as the cheerleading squads of less skilled teams. Saskatchewan Roughriders, whom everyone expects to finish dead last, need their Golden Girls to help ease the pain of losing. In Calgary, a city where the movie *The Four-Five Girls* played for an entire year, setting a world record, the fans will be wooed by the Ouerules, a group of girls chosen for their "lucky generation," says their spokesman. And B.C. Lions, which will probably finish second, are so secure enough to promise their girls "won't be filling out of their sweaters," a guarantee which may have more to do with controversy needs—the Western teams are community-wide—than a desire to keep exploitation out of all this.

While the teams were getting ready for business in usual (with one sportswear lamenting "It's all become a bit of a bore"), the cheerleaders were making things lively on another front with some not-very-nice sniping at one another. "Those Ottawa girls are all boring models and I hear their uniforms are just awful," said one charitable Argo girl. The Silver Machine's Don Courtney was privately in his girls' defense. "We'd heard the Toronto girls are so top heavy they can't lift their arms over their heads."

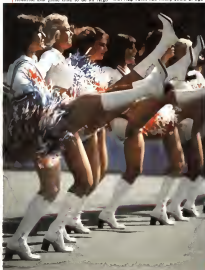
At the squabbling command the girls on all teams were mildly wondering about a referee. The Dallas cheerleaders didn't seem to get the threat of freedom so that "naturally new" figures over the crowd

Canadian fall and winter sets in. Don Courtney, as much a friend to the ecology movement as he is to feminism, hopes to have the Silver Machine outfitted in yellow coats, while other teams are going the caps and scarves route. Although you can bet they'll have to leave something showing," says Argo girl Annette with just a touch of wary.

In the Argo Sunshine dressing room at Toronto's Exhibition Stadium, there is the usual pre-game tension. One girl is staring steadily into a mirror. "Just checking to see how the stars are doing in my hair works." It works fine. A few cotton lips glossed, hair lacquered, all rubbing their vinyl pom-poms (they tend to wilt in the aftermath) and complaining about their latest promotional appearance (for which they get paid extra), requesting them to stand outside a Young Street store in their little outfits on a Friday night. It had not looked good. "What if Hal Ballard had been driving by?" wails one of them. "He would have been right about it."

Most of the girls express a fervent desire to keep their tears. Some of them would also like, if at all possible, to end up in a spectacular show in Las Vegas and have flowers and telegram sent to their dressing rooms. "I am very nervous about this," says

Made of the Silver Machine it nothing else they get the arms above the head



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Argo got Cassandra Frouca, who has a nice post-war son and an acting degree to fulfill her potential as a "fashion model" and become a country and western singer. "I am not out there to be, I'll just do it," she says. "I am in the process of being discovered and this is part of my training."

A lot of them who, truth to tell, lead pretty mediocre lives as legal secretaries and bank clerks who they've seen out there, thinking their bosses in front of thousands of screaming fans, blatantly emulate they like being "celebrities." "My boss introduced me now every time a new client comes to the office," says one.

The old times to move out in the field and during the first half of the game the girls go through a few disco routines with a noticeable lack of coordination and, with surface like poured cement, gainfully live a steady middle of hard suggestions from the crowd, who seem to have, in part, a policy of a "mutualistic fixation." "They're not encouraged to call us cheerleaders," advised one girl. "We're choreographed dancers."

During half-time the choreographed dancers are handed back to their dressing room; they are considered inappropriate in the traditional atmosphere of cheering bands and majorettes. Head cheerleader Paul Smith takes the opportunity to give them an off-the-record lecture that in children some words Sunshine Girls are not supposed to know, the essence of it being: Shape up, pay more attention, be more professional, learn not to boogie your brains out while Terry Miles if it makes a full-time star. The girls get the message. After all, they want to get better for the relentless eye of television.

As it happens though, the few live television games of the season have focused far only a few seconds on the girls. "People are really in much better, not cheerleaders," explains CTV sports producer Gary Rowley. "If we've got time, we'll cut away to them, but as soon as a good replay comes up, we're back in the game." Perhaps the girls could look forward to more exposure (after friends' word, served as a tasteless western) through a \$100,000 cable television deal the CTV has negotiated to

interview a Q-Town (above) and one of the Dallas Cowboys, who celebrated this football season (below) at the end of the season.



give itself some play in the U.S.

There is no doubt that the first few times out took up the Argo girls a bit. But despite the level comments, the growing love and the less-than-idealistic money rewards they'll keep trying. Paula and Cassandra and Jennifer and Catherine are not the kind of girls to let their team down. Erin is, Catherine, who is 23 and looks a bit like Lisa Minelli and wants to very badly to be a somebody in show business, looks a little better about the hearing and holding. She hopes it won't go on all season. She hopes no one not their really thinks she's selling, but a bare-headed mid-air girl. "I've got more to offer than that," she says softly.

The Big Fix

Is détente just a Capitalist-Communist plot?

By Walter Stewart

It would be nice to think that Charles Lemmon was a free-lance, that what he does is not an industry to follow his dreams and buy his books, but someone is at or his head into the wagon wheel. If it even is a story, there is nothing to worry about, but if it is merely ending, then we have a problem.

Charles Lemmon is secretary-general of the International Federation of Chemical, Energy and General Workers' Union, a six-million-member labor body that embraces 140 unions in 35 nations. He is a Canadian, born in Ottawa in 1934, with his doctorate from the University of Paris. He could be called "Donner," he is in fact called "Chap." He has been in the international trade union movement almost all his adult life, and now lives and works in Geneva. He and his American wife, Maria, are co-part on disarmament, occupy a comfortable three-bedroom apartment on the outskirts of the Swiss city with their three charming daughters. Lemmon wrote two books every, in a manner, nondescript building on Rue Montcalm, it is from here that he fulfills his two main passions: raising a union and self-educating himself.

It is in his second title that Lemmon is a danger to the peace of mind of ordinary citizens. When he is not talking life difficult for nervous stockholders and overbearing managers in the chemical, glass and energy industries, he writes books. In the past, he has written about multinational corporations and industrial democracy and the drug industry, theory in crystal and strident tales. This fall his fifth book, *India-Cole*, will appear in Canadian bookshops (it has already appeared in French and German), and it should create a stir. Its thesis, in brief, is that détente is a fraud, a cover-up. What appears to be a gradual and stable movement toward peace and plenty, Lemmon claims is in fact merely a horse-trade deal, through which multinational corporations like the West are assured a docile work force and Communist governments from the East are covered millions, hard dollars and employment. Workers are not

thrown out of their jobs and Eastern workers are exploited. The profit is enormous and the risks horrendous, and the system is supported by government subsidies and guaranteed loans, the effect of which is to put Canadian taxpayers—among others—in the position of financing their own unemployment.

Strong stuff, there is, however, enough in what this soft-spoken refusal says to prevent his dismissal as just a crackpot. He is not loved, but he is taken seriously. James Barry, Canada's labor attaché in

Geneva, by the fact that he organized and ran the first successful strike against a multinational corporation.

Once his career has him the honor of meeting him at a real throne. According to documents recently released in Bonn, Switzerland, a number of multinational companies have mounted a campaign to attract Lemmon by luring him with management courses, industrial espionage and other disbursements which the obvious Canadian is likely to turn up to "spread his theories." The entire internal company documents show that a professor at the University of Basel, who is also deputy director of Ciba-Geigy corporation, has been directed to "test new whether certain theories of Lemmon could be challenged on scientific grounds."

The man doesn't look like a bookbinder. He is of medium build, slender and plump, with dark, receding hair, glasses, generally downcast, mouth he could be a short salesman with corns and a number-one on the premises. Only his hands give him away: they are thin, sparsely, well kept, and they dance, jump, thrust, point, stretch and shrink as if they were energy, self-motion, charged with reasoning all the excuse because that flares around his framework.

He sounds professional—he says "confidentially" for "confidentially" in the "business" and "optimizing the commercial and economic benefits"—except when he gets excited, then words and phrases come rushing out of him, before either. "Everything else, right, left and center, up and down, just jumped on the delicate machinery as being a plot for humanity, without asking whose belongings it was, who the horses and who was fueling the golden stall? They were being caused."

Lemmon was brought up in the Glace district of central Ontario, by Russian immigrant parents who lived in a few rooms over a grocery. "My mother worked in a factory for 23 years and was a trade union member for 25 years. My father was a socialist all his life, probably one of the first socialists in Canada — my uncle



Lemmon outside the UN headquarters in Geneva: if he is wrong how wrong is he?

London, a man with long experience and wide contacts in labor circles, tells him "one of the finest teachers in international economics." Christopher Raymond, former British Conservative MP, former leader of the Financial Times and author of *The Multinationals*, is impressed by his toughness his adventurous spirit and, most

was driving the golden stall? They were being caused."

Lemmon was brought up in the Glace district of central Ontario, by Russian immigrant parents who lived in a few rooms over a grocery. "My mother worked in a factory for 23 years and was a trade union member for 25 years. My father was a socialist all his life, probably one of the first socialists in Canada — my uncle

unbroken is a congenital phenomenon." As an only—and Jewish—child, he was pushed to excel in school, and did so. He attended university in New York, took an M.A. at the University of Toronto and then completed a PhD on wage controls in Paris. Between degrees, he was a coastal command pilot in the RCN, where "I was shot at twice by German planes that were flown by Nazis but manufactured by ITT (or the American firm's French-Wolf plants in Germany). I never got over it."

After his formal education, Levenson worked in Paris as a representative of the American Congress of Industrial Organizations, later became assistant secretary-general of the International Maritime Workers Federation and in 1964 took up his present post in Ottawa. He began to study the multinational corporation with their emergence as a dominant economic force in the early 1950s and wrote his first paper on what he considered to be their dangers in 1954. The "who," in his early days, and the banking trusts behind them, have been an obsession ever since.

For a trade unionist, the practical problem of multinationals is their ability to shift production from nation to nation, so that a strike in one country may be broken by importing the required products from another. And, indeed, the entire production system, with all its risks, may be shifted out of countries that encourage trade unions and relocated in those that either discour-

age or outlaw them—such as Communism or Fascist lands. Levenson has spent much of the last three decades trying to construct an answer to this problem. In 1969, when representatives on behalf of workers in the French-owned St. Gobain glass and manufacturing company visited in five nations—France, Italy, Germany, Belgium and the United States—at about the same time, Levenson brought in executives from all 12 countries where the same party had plants, to form a committee. The unions agreed to coordinate strike action whenever possible, to refuse overtime work that might allow the company to fill its orders from non-union plants, and to provide mutual financial aid. The result was an overwhelming success in every nation but France, where the Communist-led unions accepted a law wage settlement that partially undercut the federation. (Dive higher on Levenson's list of loathing than "Mao" are "Chi," Communism party types. "Those bastards have no scruples.") Since then Levenson has run dozens of joint negotiations, conducted scores of strikes that cross national borders ("We must have 30 of those a year"), but has yet to meet a multinational corporation with a truly unionist union. He looks forward to the day when all the workers in his, Ford, or ITT, or IBM, belong to the same union and negotiate as the companies trade on a worldwide basis.

Grappling with multinational trade Levenson, already a democratic socialist and

therefore inclined to the notion, once a confirmed disciple of industrial democracy—the process of workers sharing management responsibilities. "There is only one way we are going to get a fair deal, and that is through participation," he states. "We can't go on hammering our heads against the wall like some of these old bulls who only know one word—strike, strike, strike. Control is what it's all about." The promise of some European countries that most on worker membership on the boards of corporations has his full-throated approval. Notably, he wrote a book about it (*The Democratic Industrialist*, in 1976) and, putting the theory to the test, accepted a post this spring on the board of the Du Pont corporation in West Germany. Now he flies off regularly to fulfill his management duties in West Germany, though not to collect management fees—his earnings, "about \$3,800 a season," go to the West German cause.

It was in 1973 that he brought out his first book, *Capital, Defense and the Multinational*, a stinging attack on the giant firms who dominate world trade. In those other volumes over the past five years, he has refused and dispersed the attack. His latest work, *Postcards*, is a massive (486 pages), better, sometimes fairly hysterical onslaught on the multinationals and all their works. Dismiss, is Levenson's view is one of their works.

His argument goes like this: During the

ITT

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

As a pilot, I know the difference between a Focke-Wulf and the ITT symbol (top), the Junker bomber and the logo of the company who made it (bottom). War may be hell, but business is simply business.

The Focke-Wulf and the ITT symbol (top), the Junker bomber and the logo of the company who made it (bottom). War may be hell, but business is simply business.

Cold War, it became clear that neither the Soviet Union nor the United States could afford all-out nuclear hostilities. However, it was the hysteria of the time that permitted the huge arms buildups on which so many multinational firms came to depend. West Anthony Sampson has called *The Arms Race* because the world's growth industry, providing jobs for millions and underpinning international trade. For every corpse in a bush-fire war, another corpse to clip for the boys in the boardroom. However, as the arms industry became more swifter, a trip around, if there was to be peace, or even the threat of peace, economic chaos loomed. Yet there could be no war. What was required was a system that included both a safeguard, to eliminate the need for defence spending, and a profit, to prevent Armageddon.

The answer, clearly felt decades ago but only recently spelled out, was détente. It is the permanent state of non-war, in which peace is strangled for fear of war. The key point about the multinational, Levenson says, is that they will work for any government. "Ragazza may come and go, they change from dictatorships, royalties, democratic republics, you name it, but the one factor is in favour. Fiat was Mussolini's arms supplier, suddenly it's a big democratic institution, a major supplier to NATO. ITT built weapons for Nazi Germany, then it turned up as the success of

communism in China, but at the same time, it was making deals for production facilities in all over Eastern Europe."

Dismiss, is Levenson's book, doesn't mean Antony Carter and Lionel Broderick sitting down to talk about strategic arms, it means Fiat and GM and Fiat building factories in Communist countries with funds supplied by Western banks and administered by Western taxpayers. While a Western company sets up a factory in Romania, it is assured of a docile labor force, moderate productivity and no strikes. But Romanian workers can't afford to buy the product, so it is shipped to the West where it makes fat profits and displaces Western workers.

At present, there are more than 3,000 East-West co-production deals, with companies from the United States, Canada, Britain, Japan and France producing in Bulgaria, East Germany, Hungary, Poland, Romania, the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia. Nobody knows how many deals are involved in these deals. Levenson writes: "In 1973, industrial co-operation between East and West was estimated at between 1.5 and two per cent of commerce. In 1975, it was up to five per cent, and by extrapolation, it will probably hit nine to 10 per cent in 1979."

Sir Frederick Cathwood, chairman of the British Overseas Trade Board, dismisses Levenson's entire thesis with a snarl, because "You're talking about a tiny percentage of our business, no more." But here Levenson responds, "That's like saying, 'Don't worry, you're only got a little bit of cancer.'"

He is alarmed not only by the rapid

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growth of these deals, but by the implications that morality, human rights and civil liberties should be sacrificed to them. "If it makes the process work, you have to accept our facinorosity in the heartland of the money, and for that, you have to make a deal." U.S. President Jimmy Carter's campaign for human rights died aborning, Levinson argues, because it interfered with this kind of understanding.

The process of mutual co-optation reached its early climax when the controlling powers began to supply each other with strategic materials. "I got a question asked on the floor of the [British] House of Commons: Had the ministry of defense

been importing certain parts from the Soviet Union? The answer was yes! Why? Guaranteed delivery date. They aren't going to be bothered with strikes. They're buying golden tickets from the Soviet Union for NATO airplanes. How silly can you get?"

Podka-Cola lists examples of defense deals made across the East-West line: Bells-Russie selling missiles for Chinese patrol aircraft; Rockwell International selling strategic goods to Russia. "First there is the substance of the deal, then the billions of dollars for the arms race, then there is the talk of defense to persuade us to allow these huge investments inside the

Eastern Bloc. The multinational gets a both ways." So the Ford Motor Company, with the approval and assistance of a government whose leaders daily decry the savagery of Communist regimes, has facilities in Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. A deal is a deal.

Corporations have always behaved this way, Levinson says. General Motors built Jeeps for the Nazis; now it is working on a deal to build heavy trucks in Russia. Elements of what is now Exxon Corporation worked closely with IG Farben, the Nazi chemical firm, now it works just as cheerfully, and profitably, in Communist lands.

Defenders of the system held, among other things, that mutual aid arrangements will lead to "convergence" of the two systems, a notion that brings a bitter smile to Levinson's lips. "The theory is that you will somehow soften communism by putting in Western corporations. If that is true, why has it never been so in Hungary? Why didn't the big corporations soften Hitler? What was their effect in Fascist Spain? Why haven't they brought sweet reason to South Africa?"

In fact, he maintains, "If there is going to be a convergence, it will be toward authoritarianism. Corporations are authoritarian by nature. So are Communist regimes. It is stupid for a Russian plant manager to release production figures. He could go to jail. Wouldn't that put any corporate manager right down to the ground?"

There is much more to Levinson's argument, and in Podka-Cola. He spends many pages trying to prove that David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank is a kind of Darth Vader of finance: a black force—and that the United Nations' charitable foundations and the Mafia are also rightly handled. But this is thoroughly explored territory, what makes Levinson unusual in his disavowing of détente, its origins and its consequences. He does raise questions that cry for answers. Are we really subsidizing our own unemployment? Have human rights been led as the feet of monumental order? Who does benefit from all these billion-dollar deals? And, when the ball is in ITT, Ford, Exxon, GM et al. is in the Soviet Union, anyway?

Just as disturbingly, while Levinson has answers to all these questions (Respectively: "Yes," "Yes," "The man" and "No good"), he has no solution. "I am like the cat on the backside of an elephant. I can't really do any harm, but I bother the hell out of him, and he starts dashing around. With any luck, he'll do himself an injury."

Levinson says it will be true to start considering the solution "when people wake up to the fact that we have moved into a dangerous new political world. For the moment, I have enough to do just talking about the problem." ☐

The World

Upon which rock will the church now build?

"Pope John, the Curia remains." That age-old assessment of the durability of the great Vatican bureaucracy which for centuries has effectively ruled the Roman Catholic Church had never seemed more apt. As Pope Paul VI was buried in the crypts beneath St. Peter's Basilica with all the ritual befitting the spiritual leader of over 500 million people, it was the power struggle behind the Throne of St. Peter that captured world attention. The many dramatic scenes before the 115 eligible cardinals were to nominate themselves in secret conclave to choose the next Pope were suddenly becoming very public.

The immediate issue seemed to be whether or not the governing of the church should be more democratic. The old system—a lone, overburdened pontiff more often than not dominated by the Curia—has come increasingly under criticism. As the Dutch prima, Leo Cardinal Suenens, put it upon arrival in Rome, what the church needs now is not Pope who will accept a "division of work" with a group of advisers from around the world "without diminishing in any way the powers of the papacy."



Among the likely successors to Pope Paul are Cardinal Willebrands and Ruffini (below). Ruffini and Pignatelli (bottom) the College voters in mysterious ways too.

But each calls for structural changes were merely symbols of desire for much deeper reforms. According to some theologians, the Roman Catholic church has reached a pivotal point, facing the greatest crisis since the Reformation.

During his 15-year reign, Pope Paul VI managed to prevent a schism by taking a useful middle road in implementing the reforms suggested by Vatican II: the new moral control guided by the paternal hand of Pope John XXIII. But in so doing he also antagonized both extremes. The traditionalists resented the replacement of Latin as the language of the mass; papal recognition that gay could replace Gregorian chants; and more that Paul was making opening gestures to Protestants, Jews and Communists.

The progressives were disappointed by Paul's reaffirmation of priestly celibacy, the exclusion of women from the priesthood and, in particular, that he rejected the advice of the Vatican's own study group in declaring that Catholics should not use artificial birth control methods.

So the questions facing the cardinals are: What direction will the church take and how far can it go to adapt to a changing world without losing the purity of its teachings? The new Pope will be the arbiter of this dilemma. As a result, this conclave is receiving unprecedented public scrutiny. As Scott O'Sullivan, a former Canadian newspaper editor, says in a column in Rome just published: "People are taking it quite seriously, because for many the church is the last substantial influence in the world."

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side wide open, unlike the lion crouching, when Giovanni Cardinal Montini, now Archbishop of Milan, was virtually chosen in advance by Pope John. As well, since Italian (with 27 cardinal electors) are in the majority, there is the clear possibility that the next Pope may be the first non-Italian in more than 600 years.

So now the "papabile"—cardinals worthy of the papacy—are being assessed in much the same way as political candidates running for office. Bookmakers in England are taking bets on the outcome. And theologians and vaticanologists are dividing the voting cardinal electors into three camps: progressives and conservatives (who number about 20 each), and the "Moderates," the majority who would eventually follow Pope Paul's policies.

The favorites include Sergio Cardinal Pappalardo, 64, president of the Secretariat for Non-Christians, known as a progressive, already a legend around Rome for his cool demeanor and particularly well liked in Canada where he was papal secretary from 1961 to 1968. (He still retains many Canadian ties, his paternal uncle is Giovanni Cardinal Basilini, 57, Pope Paul's former right-hand man, now Archbishop of Florence.) is a conservative who led the Vatican's battle against Italy's new abortion law. In the middle of the road is Sebastiano Baggio, 65, prefect for the Congregation for Bishops.

Other candidates, the most mentioned is an Argentine of Italian extraction Filadelfo Cardinal Perotti, 58, a liberal and a member of the Curia in charge of ecclesiastical and religious studies. He is followed by Johannes Cardinal Willkomm, 68, Archbishop of Utrecht, in the Netherlands, a noted liberal who has long worked for interfaith collaboration.

Surprisingly, some of the candidates themselves have given clues to the babying going on behind the usually impenetrable "Velvet Curtain." The Archbishop of Vienna, Franz Konig, for example, said the next Pope should be young and of a different cultural background from Pope Paul. And Joseph Cardinal Coderre of Montreal said simply he wanted a man who would "care especially for the poor."

Ironically, despite all the publicity, the actual conclave will be one of the most secret and controlled to date. Cards largely in view will be left by Pope Paul. The Sistine Chapel and the adjoining apartments where the cardinals will remain in seclusion until their final vote are being searched for electronic bugs, microfilm and tape recorders. Cardinals are not permitted to wear mantles unless very ill. Their names will be burned at the end (except for those taken by the Vatican Chamberlain) and their oaths of secrecy will be kept for life.

Only because of the political real and the fact that Rome is empty for the holidays, the honoring of Pope Paul Pius did not seem to have the most logical reason (it is the death of the charismatic Pope John

But with the difficult task likely to be faced in finding a successor, the archaic election Paul may be more needed in retrospect). As a friend of his, the Rev. Angelo Pizzini, put it: "He is like a mountain. He will look better from a distance." ANGEL PIZZINI

THE MIDDLE EAST

Face to face to face

Like two leading adolescents, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat and Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin have agreed to stop cutting each other rumors in advance of their September 3 summit in Camp David, Maryland. It seemed in the circumstances a necessary first step toward a productive meeting with President Jimmy Carter.

In the last several months the Middle East situation has developed into a real flow of rumors and many observers felt that Carter's summit to the two leaders delivered by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance on his Middle East tour this month came only just in time to prevent the disastrous talks from breaking down altogether. On the face of it, the Camp David meeting seemed doomed to advance by the inflexible positions of the two principals. Begin was still clinging to the proposal that implied the Egyptian leader had north to cancel a five-man mission, that Israel would be ready to discuss the sovereignty of the occupied West Bank and the Gaza strip after five years of limited self-rule by

the one million Palestinians living in the area.

Sadat, on the other hand, will not discuss a phased withdrawal until Israel has agreed to give up all claim to the areas, as well as to provide a measure of Palestinian self-determination now.

In view of their hostility, the two leaders seemed surprisingly quick to respond when Carter brooked. But neither really had much choice: Israel reserves such hot opinions of American aid and has been getting such bad press in the U.S. lately that Begin could not afford to do anything but give something in response as possible that he will search for a peace agreement at every opportunity.

Sadat snapped up the invitation, despite his recent refusal to talk with Begin, because of "new elements" that cannot be divulged at this stage, according to one Egyptian official. But it is common knowledge that the Egyptian leader is under intense pressure from his army and government to get results from his peace initiative, while his Arab Arabians partners are on the point of making him to call the whole deal off.

Carter's aides were quick to stress that he was under no illusion that he could achieve a breakthrough immediately, or even improve relations between the two countries. They were wise to bridge misunderstandings quickly across the two's statement that the U.S. will be a "full partner" in the summit. In Washington the phrase was interpreted to mean that Carter would be "aggressor" in his mediation. That was why he would attempt to draw in

many concerned as he could find from both sides.

But to Carter's chagrin, Egyptian officials interpreted the phrase (for public consumption at least) to mean that the United States would throw its power behind Sadat's case. In fact, the day after the summit was announced, Carter was drawing over a "last minute" The feeling was that Sadat by playing a tough, waiting game had maneuvered Washington into the role of ally.

In this belief of hopes, fears and conflicting interpretations, it seemed clear that a successful outcome must hinge on Sadat's willingness to reconsider his rejection of Begin's offer to renew the future of the West Bank and Gaza strip after five years. Israel's contribution might be a former statement of its willingness to loosen its grip on the occupied lands in question—in accommodation, that, Sadat desperately needs to still his Arab critics.

Should the talks prove fruitless, the Midwest seems fated to continue its drift toward new talks although neither country at present is ready for, or wants, war. Even as the Israeli cabinet went into secret session to prepare for the summit, Israeli and American military observers were reporting that the Egyptian armed forces were becoming increasingly prepared. Lebanon could at any time provide a pretext for their side.

There was also speculation that Sadat, at Saudi Arabia's insistence, might be planning to attend an Arab "peace summit" in the fall, where he would almost certainly adopt a tougher position. But Sadat is a man of character: both the 1973 war and the peace initiative of November 1977 came out of the blue. So there was always the chance of a pleasant surprise.

Camp David has no atmosphere at all its own. It is a desert, a Kibbutz, where Moslem and Christian, Canada's Lester Pearson visited the moonshot project in 1965 to exchange views with President Lyndon Johnson over Vietnam. But they never friends. "There's something about Camp David that makes you feel better," as an staffer explained. This time there had better be. MICHAEL CROSTON

THE U.K.

A dandy in apic

For more than 25 years Jeremy Thorpe, dejected former leader of Britain's Liberal party, has been living in the shadow of disgrace. This month his private nightmare reached a public climax as it begins in the black surroundings of a West Country court. The almost unthinkable outcome—a charge of conspiracy to murder former male model Norman Scott—may now involve Thorpe, his long-time friend and fellow Liberal David Holmes, and two South Wales businessmen in what is a sensational way as yet unknown.

The case is not likely to be decided until next year, but already it threatens to have



Thorpe with some of his constituents, who are shaking with his (others), and Scott (center), definitely a two-party problem

incalculable effects on the coming general election. Thorpe, on his way to the following elections until the next preliminary hearing in September, has made a clear he must, with the support of his local party members, to cover his North Devon constituency seat, despite the deep rift that has opened up with party leader David Steel. Prime Minister Sir Callaghan, weighing the advantages of an autumn or spring poll, must take into account possible electoral damage to the Liberal, his movable colleagues on the electoral pact which has enabled his minority Labour government to survive thus far.

In any event, 49-year-old Thorpe was an unlikely figure for a gangster plot. A graduate of England's most elite public schools—Eton, Oxford and the Middle Temple—and connected by birth to aristocratic Conservative families, he was early marked out for political fame as a mate of the famed Oxford Union debating society. He became a barrister and then a hardworking politician who captivated the south North Devon farming folk with his curly-browed, brown, bowler-hat regrettably and unabashed showman's



In the House of Commons, Thorpe's modest statements were eagerly seized. Brian Harold Maccoll and several cabinet colleagues, Thorpe overheard, "Glad you look so much more than to lay down his friends for his life." Of Westminster's upper house, he once remarked: "The House of Lords is proof that there is still after death."

But Thorpe's other speech was always confined to the measure of grief as well as honey. In his funeral last week, Caroline was killed in an auto accident in 1970, a year after the birth of their son, Rupert. As an Oxford contemporary, an author, editor and holder of London doctorate—and in a date when Thorpe was charged: "It is Clerkington."

The earliest inscription began in January 1976, when Scott, as count on a major charge, started on the information that he had once had a homosexual relationship with Thorpe. The liberal leader immediately denied the "allegations" but the story, fed by rumor, flourished. Letters written to Scott by Thorpe's socialist minister, died in May 1976, an extraordinary but not looking Thorpe was paid as a peer leader.

More than a year later, when the affair seemed safely laid to rest, an officer pilot called Andrew Newton admitted shooting Mrs. Great Dane on a remote Dakota. It was a second and a third time he had to tell Scott for \$10,000 and that a senior Liberal party figure was involved. Thorpe launched a painstaking investigation and Thorpe, now referring to it as "close, even affectionate," friendship with Scott, had he covered the situation. The resulting downbeat finally dropped heavily on the desk of the director of public prosecutions in July.

The story that broke with Thorpe's court appearance on August 4, apparently ended at the end of a week of rain, as a heavy rain fell. Thorpe was held up for weeks by great numbers of ministers of the House of the Princes and up to the end of 1983.

Prime. For the witness finally, which had been ahead of the pack in accurately breaking but to be honest, some published a memorial article July 28 naming five men—all but one have been charged—and including alleged conversations between Thorpe and a Liberal. It was then Thorpe's lawyer finally followed, but even was now moving to a showdown and on July 30 The Sunday Times announced it was only withholding further revelations because of assurance that charges were "cautions."

On July 31, the Sunday Times intended to publish the following weekend. But the authorities moved first. That Friday morning, on the coronial canon in St. James's Park boomed out a 7th birthday wish to the Queen Mother, the day Thorpe was driven in a white car to Windsor police station in Somerset to be formally charged. Ironically, but was set at

Czechoslovakia 10 years later: the torch is quenched

It was a night that caught the whole world watching its master of hours, their order, and the unexpected by Western intelligence. 200,000 troops of the Warsaw Pact army swept across Czechoslovakia's borders while a procession of giant T-72 tanks and Antonov transports landed elite Soviet units into Prague's Ruzyně airport. By dawn on August 21, 1968 the Czech capital was an occupied city, the show led reform government of Alexander Dubcek was on its way out and thousands of young Czechs were crumpling in the streets. Square at the start of a tragic night, but with a campaign of passive resistance to the Soviet invaders.

This month, as Czech anti-communists of the Charter 77 human rights movement warned of the possibility of a new wave of arrests to be ordered on the anniversary of the invasion, Michael's correspondent Michael Dobbs examined the country's mood.

Ten years on, Wenceslav Square is being torn apart by a multimillion-dollar subway building but with Soviet resistance. The faces of the passersby on the sidewalk are tired and passive, preoccupied with mundane concerns rather than with such lofty values as freedom and democracy. The scene is in a very synthesis of recent changes. The bubbling euphoria and outspokenness which characterized The Prague Spring—as Dubcek's era was known—have been replaced by deep political disillusionment, relieved only by a virtually universal obsession with personal property.

Just a few blocks from the long, narrow square is one of Prague's most successful discotheques, presided over by a

\$10,000—the price Newton claimed as his contract to kill.

Two of Thorpe's three companions in the dock make inconspicuous neighbors for the former party leader and sit equally aloof. Gail Macdonald, Holman John Le Mansour, a heavily veiled sister from Bridgend, South Wales, George Denkin, a red-headed entrepreneur who deals in antiques for amusement academies, runs a nightclub called The Sandman in the Welsh industrial town of Newport. Neither has Liberal party connections.

Seen, the 61-year-old 37-year-old at the centre of the drama, now lives in a borrowed cottage in the depths of Devon with three house fires, 11 cats and three dogs. He makes a living preparing antiques for home dealers and writes a book which he charges to try to sell. He also now charges for interviews.



Dubcek in 1968, winter following spring

stably created. 25-year-old called Milan. He admits readily to demonstrating against the Russians in 1968, when he was 19 and a university student, but says his attitude has changed. "There were many things which I didn't understand at the time. I don't know, for example, that some of our leaders were in the pay of Western intelligence agencies. Today I don't want anything to do with politics. I just want to get on with my job," he says.

Milan's feelings are typical of many young Czechs. He has no love for the Russians—indeed he views them with considerable scorn—but he has little respect either for the Dubcek government. His main interests are making as much money as he can and acquiring the latest records from the West.

In part, this attitude is due to an extensive campaign in the official press against the 1968 reformers. The party newspaper Rude Prava recently accused Dubcek and his followers of wanting to establish "concentration camps" for pre-Soviet politicians. It even claimed that he had been prepared to install a dictatorship on the Hitler model.

The most severe penalty for co-operation is a life imprisonment, but Thorpe seems justly confident of being cleared. The day after his dispirited appearance in court he was wearing a light flower shirt and looking calm about the whole situation. The world press were taking in the local daily doing of the village of Bishops. Nymphs. The crowd laughed and cheered and small boys threw autograph books at him. Ninety-year-old Rupert and the youngest, Michael, Thorpe's second wife who was once married to a cousin of the Queen's—completed a picture of family solidarity.

Even his critics had to admire such style. But then, as usual, the case was more than a matter of style. Thorpe's next move into politics England lost an outgoing ruler. He will stand at his talents to serve the nightshade ahead.

CAROL REYNOLDS

Of course a young man like Miles is unlikely to believe such an absurd situation—particularly since no evidence has been produced to back him up. But it must be shown in sufficient quantities, a certain amount does not—and the general reaction to such propaganda is a deep mistrust of all politicians, including Dubcek's apparent successor Gustav Husak.

Says an old Czech Communist who fought in the Slovak Civil War: "Seen from a long-term perspective, the main result of 1968 is mass apathy which is now the predominant national characteristic. Before 68 some people thought it worth while taking part in politics. Today hardly anybody does."

Opponents of the Husak regime are firmly confined to the politicians who were ousted from power and to the intellectuals who look back to the brief lifting of censorship in 1968 as a golden age for Czech letters.

One of the most withering critics is Jiri Hasek, the former foreign minister who denounced the invasion at the United Nations. An original Charter 77 signatory, he now lives in a small bungalow on the outskirts of Prague, closely watched by the secret police. Disillusioned in his underground writing, he attacks the new leadership as "a force of prohibition" before the Soviet Union. He believes that Czech society, rooted in the feudalistic

traditions of central Europe, is too advanced for a permanent return to the ideological stone age. As a Marxist, I am convinced that the creative forces in society must proceed over the road, work out time.

Other former political leaders keep a lower profile. Apart from authorizing a statement sympathizing with the demands of the Charter, Dubcek has declined office of controversy. A man who now works as a clerk in the forestry ministry of his native Slovakia, he has indicated through friends that he does not want to be regarded as a martyr or a symbol of the death of Czech democracy.

As for the intellectuals, most have emigrated or are out of work. Unable to get their writings accepted by state publishing houses, they have set up their own underground publication—Rude Prava—which operates as the principle of Samizdat or the passing of typewritten manuscripts from one person to another.

The fiery Ludvik Vaculik, best known in 1968 for his authorship of the Two Thousand Word manifesto arguing for even further democratization, is typical of Dubcek's successors, widely regarded as one of Czechoslovakia's finest novelists. He spends much of his time on street cor-

ners or in parks, waiting for colleagues who do not meet him in his home. He receives more manuscripts than he can publish.

The victory of Rude Prava contrasts sharply with the generally moribund state of official Czech literature. Unlike Vaculik, an "official writer" like Daniel Vackal, works from a comfortable, any office decorated with miniature busts of Marx and Lenin. His poems, considered mediocre by most Czechs who have read them, are circulated in large and lavish editions.

After the invasion, almost half a million Czechs, including many intellectuals, were sacked from their posts in a thoroughgoing purge. The result was rapid promotion for many, like Shapoval, prepared to defend the Soviet action—and the creation of a stable bureaucracy, the main prop of the new regime.

As secretary-general of the new, purged, Czech Writers' Union, Shapoval speaks enthusiastically about the benefits of membership. He holds lively, study tours abroad, subsidized food in special writers' canteens, increased pension rights, medical care at exclusive health spas, plus a stipend paid out of the state literary fund. Shapoval, one suspects, is an old man who won't be protesting in Wenceslav Square or in the privacy of his own or someone else's home this summer as the Czechs remember August 1968.

Student demonstrators and Russian tanks in Prague, 1968. Shows were the days



People



Scardino (top) and Blair: looney tunes

The British soldier is now singing American soldier, but the *King of Hearts* (Donald Scardino) will get his crown from the memories of an insane asylum and will fall in love with his queen (*Female Blue*). The film of the same name has been transformed into a musical, the first new one of the Broadway season, with an October 22 opening. Scardino and Blair are warming up their vocal chords for the production's 28 musical numbers. Scardino, who had a leading role in *Goodbye, Mr. Tom*, of *Queen of the Damned* will portray Jacob Braddock's lover (Cathy Saracen's son, *Armed and Dangerous* and *Thin Red Line*). *For My Lady* (David F. Strickland) alongside Michelle Martin, who starred in *Sole by Sole* by Southern.

Margaret Trudeau's film *On Kings and Desperate Men* is in the can and chances are it will stay there. Talk in the movie industry has the film, first dated to be released around Christmas, surfacing on the late fall show—if it pops up at all. Margaret is at it again. *Beau's* starring *The Guardian Angel* in France. For \$30,000 the stars at the well of an inter-

national businessman who has been Inspector Clouseau-type private eye to keep an eye on her a little while before she goes to the Riviera. So far everything's on schedule and with the \$1-million budget according to Canadian co-producer Richard Hoffman. Director Jacques Favreau is reportedly happy with Trudeau's performance and they are hoping to release the film by Easter next year. One down, one to go.

Newspaper baron **Patty Hearst**, convicted of robbing a bank with her Swiss-born husband, Arthur, has been named as the U.S. federal probe in Pleasanton, California, by Lynette (Squaky) Plante. The member of the Charles Manson family serving a life sentence for pulling the trigger on a paid agent to assassinate Gerald Ford, was transferred from a reformatory in West Virginia as a reward for good behavior. Meanwhile, Hearst has launched another appeal for her conviction and seven-year sentence, claiming forced insanity. **P. L. Hearst** was targeted and took "hang-over medicine" while conducting her de-

trousses and a Bower is anyone's legal



Hearst: play-glap, tza-tzz?

ference. Herley says it was Alka-Seltzer looking at the future. Hearst says "I'd really like to travel again—anywhere but Italy. There's too much in happening there."

What price love? **John Tappan** of New York thought it was \$300,000. He's dead. A week after top fashion and cover model **Marilyn** died, his New



York apartment has next-door neighbor **Howard (Buddy) Jacobson**, offered the son-in-law back. She had been living with Jacobson a lifetime surrounded by controversial thoroughbred trainer in his lavish apartment for the last five years. When Cain moved, Jacobson came along. Tappan decided that Jacobson's \$100,000 offer was one he could refuse. Tappan is now in the mortgage business. He has been involved in some other with his mother. It is not known where Cain is living now.

Business

The buck drops here

By Roderick McQueen



Action at Frankfurt, Germany, broker's office as the U.S. dollar started its latest slide, taking year-to-year with it.

Two summers ago, the Canadian dollar was a high-flying schooner carrying a fancy watch at \$1.03 U.S. Unchecked reefs or troubles below the waterline could be spotted in mid-July as it took form. Or so it seemed. Today the dollar is a much battered punt, buffeted by international forces, victim of some faulty forecasts even had between ships. And the rough ride is not yet over as more down and drift may be inevitable.

The dollar, which tumbled below 87 cents in April and was headed that way again earlier this month (see chart), has become more than an economist's worry. It's slipping into Canadian pockets, pushing up a broad range of prices after falling 15 per cent against the U.S. dollar 32 per cent against the German Deutsche mark and 45 per cent against the Japanese yen in two years.

A series of events at home and abroad pointed the dollar in its rocky, bumpy August direction: a sluggish money market to sell foreign of other currencies; and that old reliable gold. As the U.S. dollar has moved loose, strapping the Canadian dollar's long gold continued to mount high at \$207.77. The gathering of domestic events, a sluggish Canadian economy, few foreign market openings, an unexpected 900-million dollar trade deficit. World worries, across U.S. trade deficit, markets after the Bonn summit, 1981's earnings on higher oil prices.

The lone season in short about our dollar's slump is a lower price for Canadian items abroad, better for export sales. It's a hard-to-prove advantage, says Canadian export Association President, Eam Barnes, but corporate profits are up. "Industries benefited at \$1.03 are producing corporate



results today than in a little less hard-riding than they were." The 18-cent deficit also makes Canadian exports more competitive with the German or Japanese products.

To the hard-pressed Canadian consumer that helps more than offset by big price hikes at home for goods from countries whose biggest advantage is rising currencies. The Volkswagen Rabbit has jumped 18 per cent to \$5,275 in two years, including two boosts on the current model due to currency. Worse off is the Japanese-made Honda Civic, up 31 per cent over two years, including 18 per cent in four months—the model year Honda gives credits and a 5 per cent hike on new models in October.

For German appliances manufacturer Braun, the strong mark means its most popular shaver, the Synchrotron Plus, costs 25 per cent more than two years ago; its food processor is up 30 per cent.

There is no precise measurement, but every three- to four-cent drop in the Canadian dollar pumps another percentage point into Canada's consumer price index. That means about one-quarter of Canada's inflation in the past two years has come from the downward ride. It has been aside that many analysts say was caused by economic mismanagement. Whatever the final judgment, the federal government has tripped the dollar and preached confidence to a series of moves over the past 18 months. Two weekly loans of bank credit totaling \$4.5 billion; a \$750-million bond issue in the U.S.; three bank rate increases amounting to 1.25 per cent; massive Bank of Canada intervention, including \$151 million in last month to support the dollar.

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's August 1 televised address, the most recent confidence booster with money market cynicism. "Trudeau's playing the old game of 20 answers," says John Peachey, Toronto Down town Bank foreign exchange adviser, "saying that Canadians are doing our best for the economy group—but he doesn't say how."

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only if a deal's coming together, as boss or politician, or when he's juggling.

Here he is presiding down a sidewalk at 7 a.m., three miles a day, phoning his boss, planning his life. Twice defeated for Parliament, past president of the Progressive Conservative Association, multi-millionaire at 35, he's not some distant ace. He's where, with \$300 and a Studebaker, he began a construction firm in London, Ontario. Today, he is chairman

for the consortium," says Matthews. It's a new bucked by former Ontario premier John Robarts, co-chairman of the Task Force on Canadian Unity. Last year, Robarts asked him for advice to acquire Ontario's highways. Matthews produced a list of one: himself.

"You don't have to convince Donald," says Robarts. "It's astounding he does even though he's got enough business interests. Involvement is a real part of his

man job, he won a \$800,000 tunnelling contract in Sierra, Ont., and attracted late minister Ross Jennings. He'll be the phase from New York City demanding \$3,000 for protection on the momentary job. Matthews hung out on Hollis and long brought through to his family, a capitalist fix and a cable-knitting industry which helped work for a week.

Through the 1950s he created firms, bought others, obtained and developed land and, in the 1960s, began building houses. In 1969, he controlled the charter of his eight firms and formed The Matthews Group today active in planning, developing, aggregate quarrying and sales, house building and heavy construction all in Ontario. Controlled by Matthews and his family, including his children, ranging in age from 16 to 27, the firm's \$50 million in land assets include 325 acres bought in 1976 by S.B. McLaughlin and Associates in Minnesota for \$70,000 an acre and 1,500 acres in London worth \$25,000 each.

But a job as his father had him, isn't everything and even so he built his own. Now he was down to politics in 1973 campaigning for London federal Elmer Halpenny (later secretary of state in the Diefenbaker government) defeated himself in 1968 in London East. He began planning to run for the Ontario seat of Progressive Conservative Association president. Key to that 1971 victory was John Robarts who played his way across Ontario by snowed-out train, arrived late on a rainy Sunday at Ottawa's Château Laurier Hotel, named Quebec delegates with Matthews' Sunday morning and walked the halls, one hand on Matthews, the other grabbing any delegate within reach until hallooing began.

For the next 24 years, Matthews continued to run his business while organizing party structure and workers across Canada. Living apart in the 1972 federal election defeated as president in 1974, Matthews leaves his name in politics as past. National voters' issues will continue to keep him busy, but he's looking at the reduction of cities as the "long-range project that may well use up the rest of my reasonable endeavours in this world."

A sprained ankle has meant restricted jogging and, because jogging's such a quiet place to think through about the future of cities are just going under way. "Get there jogging, no telephones or other interferences with thought process. I exercise, have a shower, eat breakfast and I'm ready to face the world."

He wears eye-lighting up with upward laughter and sighs with vigor.

Throwing his head back, he lets loose a howl-howl-howl and paces the room so the next idea won't bump up against the last. And if you were down the hall and around the corner, you'd know Donald Matthews was in there with another idea a-borning. RODERICK MCKEON

Justice

The lady's not for burning . . . or is she?

Until recently, the legal status of married couples was simple: there was one. Regardless of intent or direction, common-law relationships were not recognized by law and that meant the partners were regarded as less than strangers—not strangers at least were entitled to make enforceable contracts with one another. Though many common-law couples, perhaps influenced by the women's movement, were drawing up agreements covering everything from sharing of household chores and custody of the cat to the division of assets and provision of support, contracts were deemed "against public policy" and rarely stood up in court.

One common result, explains Toronto lawyer Hugh Atkinson, was that "a woman who put maybe 15 years' effort into a relationship could be booted out with little to support, as income, no property, no job skills and no legal recourse. The law's position was that if you didn't have the guarantee to be cherished, you didn't deserve the benefits of marriage."

Despite such legal vulnerability, increasing numbers of couples continued to choose common-law marriage, based, at least in part, by its implied freedom from long-term commitments. Then in 1978 came singer

Michelle Thorne. Thorne tied with Les Murray, briefly in comparison of his years, for alimony. When she was the right to a jury trial, the case became a first step for the common-law rights movement, encouraging many "friends" and ex-"friends" to insist on marriage-type rights—and causing many others to ponder the growing complications of collaboration.

During the late 1970s Murray lived in perfect, Michelle Thorne, she was just "like a wife to Les" (she had even gone so far as to change her surname to match his). When he walked out on her, she countered with a demand for court payments and a trial share in all assets acquired in their years together—in sum something to more than \$1 million. The case was first thrown out of court but was a 1976 appeal in Los Angeles on precedent-shattering grounds. Justice Marshall Tarnoff decreed that not only should there be recognition of an oral agreement between parties but the notion of forming a partnership "should be contrasted from their conduct while together."

Though the case does not go to trial in

the Los Angeles Superior Court until November 30, the ripple effect of the initial judgment has already been enormous. Attorneys in the U.S. report that hundreds of suits have been filed applying principles established in the Murray decision (including much-publicized multimillion-dollar actions between actress Bette Midler and rock star Neil Young and model Cindy Lauper and rock star Alice Cooper). Judges in Canada are also responding to widespread concern of living together by making more flexible rulings based on "implied contract" or "trust understanding." Early this year, for example, an Ontario woman named Rose Becker who had been left with nothing when her 20-year relationship with Londoner Politen ended was awarded a 50-per-cent interest in houses the had helped build, even though they were owned legally by her former mate.

But one case does not end the confusion caused by courts only just beginning to recognize common-law unions, and legal-based and contradictory decisions continue to be handed down all over the U.S. and Canada. As a result, couples are moving to protect themselves with catchall contracts—and hoping that they'll stand up in court. When Myriam Hayman of Toronto started living with a man several months ago, they also began working out a contract. "We plan to have it drawn up properly by a lawyer," says Hayman, who at 33 has already been through one marriage and is co-owner of a successful cosmetics studio. "It will tell us who owes what and what will happen to my estate



of The Matthews Group which last year did \$33 million in business and owns land worth \$30 million.

These days his heart has other things on an office, pay up his mortgage, and then to any group who will listen. The voice harks from the podium: "We're moved from a discussion between Canada and Quebec to a discussion involving all the provinces in a logical and sensible pace." Don't wait for solutions from cities because they're bound to fail, he continues. "The decision must be political, but the thrust must come from the people of Canada."

A businessman with a message. It's about the last dreamer about politics for his life. "I never thought of myself as being a business person. Indeed, it took me quite a while to get my life in reality come to the conclusion that since business executives were good citizens." Undoubtedly after a boyhood in a Bantam, Don made some households where CTV leaders and capitalists, wanted He grew up distributing election pamphlets for a wine-peddling father who told him to put country first, family second and job third.

"The chores that have given me the greatest sense of satisfaction and accomplishment have been these jobs. I've done

Matthews he'd just as soon do himself

life." That includes being Ontario president of the Council for Canadian Unity since 1974 as well as short-term roles such as chairing the York University study his committee into the first report of the Confederation Advisory Committee to Ontario Premier William Davis.

At five-foot 10 inches and a lean 575 pounds, ideas on his nose, arm and pulchre pop in Matthews' head like Ping-Pong balls leaving inside a bingo game cage. It was one such idea that started him thinking about forming his own business when he worked for the city of London, Ont., after graduating as a civil engineer from Queen's University in 1950. He convinced the city engineer that a man took sewer and treatment plant were essential to open up a new road for building lots. A special city council meeting called to hear his presentation saw his idea as so outlandish it didn't even come to a vote. Government he concluded was the wrong vehicle for development. He took his \$300 savings sold his Studebaker for \$300, borrowed \$4,000 from his father who started up his house, gathered \$20,500 from eight friends and started Matthews Construction Limited. Two years after he hit \$3,500 water-



investments and assets. It may not sound romantic, but that's the way we want it," Susan Gibson, executive officer of the Ontario Council on the Status of Women, cautions that lawyers, women's groups and schools across the country are reporting a flurry of similar requests for advice on extrajurisdictional rights and asset contracts.

Many Canadian lawyers join Murray Mitchell (see below) in calling for new asset-protection and other business acts that would also include a model contract. (He predicts that a uniform act will be passed in every state within five years.) In Canada, more than half the provinces have already taken the first steps to create a regulation. All but Alberta, Saskatchewan, Quebec and P.E.I. now acknowledge consumer-law issues to some extent. The other six provinces recognize that a common-law relationship exists when a couple has lived together openly and honestly for a certain length of time. (Each province has specified that time as well as the conditions under which steady spouses of either sex are eligible for support payments.) In addition, some provinces have made partners partially eligible for benefits such as workers' compensation, and some now recognize cohabitation contracts.

In B.C., the cohabitation period is two years, or Newfoundland and Manitoba it's one year but only if a child has been born to the couple. In Nova Scotia, which has recognized common-law unions the longest—since 1967—it's one year but only if desertion is proved, and in Ontario, which passed the country's new comprehensive cohabitation provisions in March, it's five years but only one year if a child is involved. "There is discussion of studying a proposal that says that to the extent B.C. law in the country not only would recognize live unions of at least two years' duration but regarded as exactly the same as marriage for all purposes of support, but Quebec would then specify in acquired assets (though not the matrimonial home).

Cohabitation laws do not—as many have wrongly concluded—mean that common-law couples become legally married whether they like it or not after a set period of time. But some argue that such laws unfairly impose marriage-like obligations, as those who entered multi-year to avoid these commitments. They wonder whether the law doesn't encourage more commitment and confidence than justice. Craig Parkin, a lawyer who helped draft the Ontario statute, disagrees. "What we have done," he says, "is recognize that an economic unit has been set up and therefore dependencies may be created. If they are, the law provides for justice to be done. If there are no dependencies, people are free to make their own arrangements." Though some couples may say he is keeping an eye on the children, cohabitation is still a strong alternative to marriage—and the contract a popular compromise between former spouses and current complications. **TERRY POULSON**

Press

Morrings may never be quite the same

When it was announced that hotshot Toronto Star executive A. Roy Megarry was to be the new publisher of *The Globe and Mail*, a nervousman was stuck the clipping to a *Globe* bulletin board and wrote beneath Megarry's picture: "If this guy pulls in your spot—let him keep it." *Globe* people are wary of change, especially in a stress-top-level management. They found catchwords and demagogues when Richard S. Mulock took over in 1974 and they still remember the time the *Globe* joined the P.P. Publications chain as "the night of the long benches." It is like the stand but desirable married couple suddenly fused with a *Club Med* sex dose.

With a circulation of 263,000 and monopoly competition from the upstart *Star*, Megarry's appointment seemed to confirm rumors that the *Globe* needed an economic boost. Megarry, only 41, is a business-publisher, up from the ranks of accounting and management consulting, with not so much as a byline for a *Kinross* headline. Despite this, he is not known for catchwords and demagogues or any sort of editorial assignment mentality. He holds a formidable reputation in his four years at the *Star* as an aggressive idea man with a knack for money-making acquisitions that have kept *Star* profits rising in despite a decline in actual newspaper earnings. As vice-president of corporate development for Toronto Corp., the parent company of various *Star* ventures, Megarry engineered the *Star's* take-over of *Harbinger Enterprises Ltd.*, the world's largest publisher of newspaper fiction. In a recent six-month period when the *Star's* newspaper earnings dropped 40 per cent, *Harbinger's* increased by 177 per cent.

Megarry, whose term began on September 1, says that the job is the only one that could have lured him from the *Star*.

"For me there's the challenge of heading up what surely must be the most colorful, respected newspaper in the country," he discounts any suggestion that his appointment means that the newspaper is in trouble (he says he studied the financial statements before accepting the job). As previously noted, Megarry, 41, P.P. Publications and *The Globe and Mail* are not required to publish figures, but both apparently are making money. P.P.'s gross income increased by more than \$40 million to \$216,735,000, in 1977 though net income dropped by some \$2 million.

Megarry was born in Belfast, started work at 15, met his Canadian wife when she was vacationing in Killybeggs—"I am a bit of a romantic," he admits—and came to Canada in 1956 when he was 19. Here he earned a degree at a registered industrial accountant. It was in 1966, while at Coopers & Lybrand Ltd., a firm of business consultants, that he met George Currie, who earlier that year replaced Mulock as president of P.P. Publications. Currie was the key figure in getting Megarry to the *Globe*.

Although Megarry's role at the *Star* was as a wholesaler and hardware specialist, he wants to enhance himself in editorial machinery as publisher and chief executive officer at the *Globe*. "I like to be looking for ideas to be generating ideas rather than reacting to events." Always looking for *Harbinger*-type deals, he is exploring the possibility of recycling the vast amounts of information gathered by newspapers, so as to achieve money-making potential. "I don't consider myself an efficiency expert," he says, "but long-term performance is judged by the bottom line." **MARTIN O'MALLEY**

Megarry: nowhere to go but up



Travel

Oh well, so much for splendid isolation



The road ends both in the Jamaican hills and Ateneo village: welcome, invaders

—here hidden from outsiders, taking food and shelter from the wilderness hills around them. They have neither paid taxes nor received them; they have announced independent councils, laws, schools and health care (mostly herbal preparations). They have distended bodies, and with good reason: The Maroons (the name is believed to derive from the Spanish conquistadors, meaning wild) are descended from a Ghanaian tribe (and to Anansi by the Spanish in 1644) with promises of lands rich in copper. But they found themselves sold into slavery instead, and so fled to the hills from which they made ingenious marauding excursions to "liberate" Spanish crops, cattle and slaves. When the British conquered the island in 1655 their red-coated regiments also were no match for the Maroons' guerrilla warfare tactics, and the legend of the "disappearing" Maroons grew. (It is still said in Jamaica that a Maroon can vanish by rubbing his hands over a certain herb, one digging one.) Almost a century of irregular and bloody

Colonel (or Chief) (Wright) and Ateneo village: welcome, invaders

fighting ended in 1739 with a treaty that resulted in the formation of an independent Maroon nation. Some cities, despite marauding further conflicts (including an episode in 1775 in which 400 Maroons were deported to Nova Scotia where they stayed four long, cold winters, before being shipped to Africa), the Maroons have preserved themselves, according to the treaty, "in a perfect state of freedom."

But now the Colonel has decided that the Maroon tradition of isolation must be sacrificed to help preserve the rest of his people's culture. With an average income of \$120 a year, there has been a steady exodus of discontented young Maroons in the past 10 years that the Colonel believes only money can stop. Added to poverty are restricted promises from a Jamaican government to grant some of tax dollars (the Maroon treaty has not been tested since Jamaica became independent in 1962) and from government-backed American companies anxious to get at the lucrative Maroon territory. The one alternative to selling out completely, the Colonel has been advised by his people, is to fight a people which repeatedly defied the Spanish and



Colonel (or Chief) (Wright) and Ateneo village: welcome, invaders

the road ends both in the Jamaican hills and Ateneo village: welcome, invaders

Music

From Russia with fame (and probably fortune)

Andri Laporte has what the Russians call *chara*. We call it soul. But when he shared the second-place silver medal in Moscow last month at the Sixth International Tchaikovsky Competition (he's the first Canadian to place, much less win), *chara* was no more useful to him during Rachmaninoff's third piano concerto than a performing suit. In the piano competition of the Tchaikovsky, seated, soulless technical prowess is what counts with the judges: a strong pulse, a robust rhythm or a seldom-type-of-musical-meaning swish-bash. The world's most prestigious piano competition is also its most perverse: same criteria are anticipated (Van Cliburn, Ashkenazy, countless others treated with dispatch). Laporte remembers the clammy looks on the faces of those who didn't even make it through their piece of music.

A tall, thin man with fragile, Romantic features and a voice Billy Blinn would have called "his benchmark," the 24-year-old pianist from Rimouski, Quebec, proudly displays his Olympian model. "It's difficult in a competition to forget it if you are constantly aware of making mistakes, more so than in a recital [where actual mistakes are acceptable]. But I wanted to play it in recital and keep the feeling. I took a chance that it would work," said the judge not been awarded, the response of the Russian audience—for whom *chara* ranks higher than *musicalité*—would have compensated. Clearly the Russians, he arrived back in the West deluged with tokens of appreciation



Laporte permanently out of the 'poets'

and intention to return to Russia. For the first few years, living in New York, Laporte has survived mostly on scholarships, performing an average of 15 concerts a year. An extensive portrait to success, the medal means at least 60 performance annually, possibly a lot more, though he vows not to burn himself out. A



SONNIE TYLER
The album of a wilder flower child, with all the musical moments of a rich man's daughter is a fairly pretty release. *Faded* of Folk songs for all. "At the least of folk/human can sometimes be cruel." As can lyrics with demented passion, deep rivers and all these lovely feelings. The Japan-inspired entry is particularly patronizing and painful.

For the record

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

BURR COLEMAN (Van Klyn)

The album of a wilder flower child, with all the musical moments of a rich man's daughter is a fairly pretty release. *Faded* of Folk songs for all. "At the least of folk/human can sometimes be cruel." As can lyrics with demented passion, deep rivers and all these lovely feelings. The Japan-inspired entry is particularly patronizing and painful.

IT'S A HEARDSE Bonne Tyler (RCA)

The album of a wilder flower child, with all the musical moments of a rich man's daughter is a fairly pretty release. *Faded* of Folk songs for all. "At the least of folk/human can sometimes be cruel." As can lyrics with demented passion, deep rivers and all these lovely feelings. The Japan-inspired entry is particularly patronizing and painful.

rewarding contract from K&M-Angel has been handed him. The North American premiere of a parent's success, Carnegie Hall, is waiting to be called Oct. 21. If he had's, won the medal he figures it would have taken another five or six years for his career to take off. "We won't have to wait all that spaghetti seasons," he sighs with relief.

Developing a passion for piano was a cumulative process. He started at six, got serious at 14 and had his master's degree by the time he was 19. "I remember mostly I guess right now I'm into my Russian period," he says with a shy grin. "I don't mean to imply that I want to specialize, but it's one that I play more romantic repertoire. I'm interested in modern music but I'm not really attracted to the concert." It is, perhaps, more than coincidence that Quebec has produced the three top-up-and-coming pianists in the country—Laporte, Louis Lortie and Roman Patkowsky. Ironically the school of music two of them attended—the Vincent d'Indy in Montreal—is being closed down because of a ban on academic scholarship. A further irony is that Laporte has had to leave his country to reap recognition outside it.

He hasn't been particularly lucky performing in Canada, either. During his first performance following the Moscow win, in the open air Forum at Toronto's Ontario Place, he won't at the disadvantage of having to compete with a baseball game and having Andre Kostelanetz, who has obviously no doubt at all about him earlier this year, at a piano concert with the Toronto Symphony, the competition came from the Star Wars theme: says Laporte, "I was the poet."

Now he's convinced he's paid his dues. "I would think I'm serious enough reason to play Marcell Hall, wouldn't you?"

LANCELOT O'ROURKE

STREET LEGAL

Bob Dylan (Columbia)

The Father Of Us All. The new lyrics have an undeniably broad the view is still thought-provoking, smart and sweet. And those City Lady Lay like chords make electric rhythm guitars weep. The album is still very much Nashville.

DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN

Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)

A blacked at over several years ago. Springsteen was taped as the album, it's not when the ballad down to Alan about was released. The same sort of street smart and street sad songs recycled. Put the blame on home.

THE GLASS ORCHESTRA

John Galtier (Edison)

Canadian country music. Various sorts and shapes of glass when rubbed, blown or struck after another early requiem sounds. Then: Pagan. Pressed on clear vinyl. For coffee. 100000.

LANCELOT O'ROURKE

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These foreigners ought to thank us for helping them suffer for their art

Column by Barbara Amiel

One of the trickier problems for Canadian artists has been the short supply of visas of Non-Aligned Gulf. European have all sorts of resource material in the field: Gulels, Homages, Colonization, and even American can always count on its short period of economic prosperity to give artists a pass. But Canada has relatively little in the way of truly awful things to lament about. What do we know of poverty compared to the Third World? Of political oppression compared to the Communist bloc? These questions about human misery in our society—the aged, the handicapped, the diseased—are minute in number and degree of abandonment compared to their counterparts in Latin America.

In the arts, which rely heavily on trial and tribulation, this (relative) lack of burning moral guilt has always been a challenge to our artists. About the only wildest crowd are indigenous non-Canadian artists or rapidly immigrating developers. Anyway, even more than will have, if one is to experience the passion of moral guilt one needs victims. Margaret Atwood tried to write this problem by making all Canadian victims to her literary abuse. She said, "but jolly as this was it ran a bit thin after a few pages. The government was so kind it refused to create victims and continuously frustrated the best indignation of Canadian artists by increasing human rights legislation—until the only possible victims could be killed by White Protestants. Mike, who of course is only White's D.C. Co the combined labors of the Writers' Union of Canada, the Canadian Artists' Representation, ACTRA, etc. At their last because to create some victims they could lose. But jolly about and vigorously defend to music, plays, film and are. Not quite up to slavery as artistic impecunious, but it would be worse. Enter The Landed Immigrants.

It took some doing, but finally this April the Canada Council was persuaded that the Arts is threatened. Council thereupon passed a series of regulations distinguishing between Landed Immigrants and Canadian Citizens. These resulted restricting grants to one per immigrant (and therefore none unless citizens) and applying for and receiving such Canada Council Art Bank purchase of paintings by

Landed Immigrants. Moreover and Immigration clipped its with new rules requiring everyone from Vladimir Horowitz to the Landed Lady to get work permits before they can come and show off here. Some of our leading critics like Stanley Hayakawa failed were very upset by this and saw it as some sort of nasty trade protectionism designed to cushion Canadian artists from competition by Better Artists (or even Worse Ones) and to deny the public choice. Such critics were missing the higher purpose of our artists' intention to create Genuine Victims. This is naturally not going to happen tomorrow. Before



our artists can rise to their defence, the victims must go through a Period of Oppression. This will be provided by Messerpoth officials trying to determine the precise need in Canada for Israeli violent artists. Perhaps the double-dipping, violent non-Canadian members of the National Ballet may have to go home, there is no room for us here or sanctuary or better than the current Canadian complaints. Pop singer Tom Jones has already spent several hours at Toronto airport having bumped into as immigration officer who found him but wouldn't be caught dead listening to pop Canadian Artists' Regime sentiments. Bill Leitch's has issued so on CBC's *Line From Here* Show that these overly restrictions against Landed Immigrants and Foreigners are 'just a beginning.' Gosh, gosh! Perhaps even now Canada's underemployed, genuine workers are clutching up their yellow cloth to face

Landed Immigrants to save on their costs. Still, all this will be worthwhile when, in the not too distant future, Canadian artists rally together in mass protest and issue a *Manifesto Against Discrimination in the Arts*, pointing out: (1) Landed Immigrants contribute equal taxes for government services and to allow them to avoid the odium of only some of those services is shared, immoral and wrong; (2) if we start to distinguish between immigrants on the basis of citizenship (as contrasted with common-law political rights, such as voting or holding office) the next step will be to distinguish between acquired Canadian citizenship and native-born Canadians; (3) if non-citizens living in Canada can't get grants, why not also refuse them to citizens living abroad; and (4) if the performing arts need protection from foreign competition, why not help Canadian creative artists still further by keeping out foreign books, film and plays as well? Good evening, Canadians like Pierre Berton and even R. Amiel might increase their sales if books by Thomas Cappe and even long were stopped at the border.

Of course, at the moment, the announced measures are more symbolic than real. Landed Immigrants took a net 36% of 11.4 arts grants last year. And surely nobody can seriously believe that immigrants flock to Canada in order to prey on the arts scene. I have yet to hear into a first-rate market who bring money up in Israel, double in week into Canada to receive subsidies and leave our education—then falling Canadian society. Rudy Wex's signature of our spending money to teach immigrants the rudiments of art. And when we have managed to create victims, it will be only a matter of time before bordering money appear in magazines about Landed Immigrants sitting in here rooms without a single Canada Council grant to cover their private parties. Letters to the editor will tell of the great Albanian writer reduced to making plastic cups in a perennially local smouldering factory because the Canada Council will not give him money and the proud old man will not give up his Albanian citizenship. And like the rest of the curiously anomic world we will have nations—even if we had to go to the trouble of creating them ourselves.



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Eagle and Hornet
MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



Films

Coming of age in Gomorrah

CORVETTE SUMMER
Directed by Matthew Rossio

As he watches the completion of the crumpled-up Corvette he's obsessed to consume, Mark Hamill's man-child eyes widen and glow. Slow and glimmering, the car stands for dreaming, and the highway is a yellow brick road. Cars, symbols for North American malaise, are destined, like dreams, for the scrap heap. When the Corvette is stolen, the red, abused top tracks it down to a shivering ring in Las Vegas where, wide-eyed in American Babylon, he starts to repent. *Corvette Summer*, unstable if a little crudely made, is about developing that spirit and then becoming dead-eyed again.

The script by Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins (*The Napoleon Dynamite*) does read, vibrant Vegas as hard and choppy as an enjoyably tacky tawny of neon pink flamingos, smoking cherries and loaves in one's eyes. Everyone's got one chance like this. Everyone's on high from the drug, unable to come down. But underneath all the glaze of the scenes there's a lurking malice.

Jane-like Vegas is the perfect setting

Hamill, Putts and car: youth finds a way



For Hamill's subsequent delirium and his owl-and-pyramid nosecone with a movie where, Vancise, played by newcomer Anne Paro, Trunked out in a win with her waterbed and wig, she's a side-splitting comic crucifixion cliché tumble dry out at her ("Feel of these clothes, stink, and let's see what's got"), but they're nothing more than rote, squashed for bits of passage. A dubby original cinematic, speedily and punchily equipped with a movie that outsmiles Jean Hagen, Judy Holliday and Ruth Gordon, and a face that resembles Audrey Hepburn gone slightly to seed. Putts waddles off with the movie. Between them, their two babies in the world's biggest adult toyland figure out just what matters and what doesn't. Sure, the movie takes its time getting there and sure, Hamill (*Star Wars*) tries a bit too hard. But he's earnest and there's a lot of California drama, and the cinematic of coming of age. And Anne Paro—the doofy Little Tramp. LAWRENCE O'BRIEN

Myopia

EYES OF LAURA MUNE
Directed by Ken Russell

Ever since she landed Warren Beatty's part in *Bombes and Clyde Faye* Denny was been one of the most interesting, specifically American actresses around. A great beauty with innerbeauty features and a

Runway the eyes don't have it

slerk Anamnia strike, she's stopped in the same way. In the film, Denny is a young woman, every line is played tight, the actress moves through each scene with cool, monomane exclamation, and the kill is the emotional effect she gets. But Denny's performance so far, notably *Chances*, portended more than they deliver everyone's waiting for the big payoff—a *Jewel* or an *All About Eve*. As the controversial New York photographer in *Eyes of Laura Mune*, she hurls herself headlong into the role and it's like plunging into a porridge.

Denny's Laura has the drawn, dreamt look of someone who's been cooped up inside herself for too long. A psychic, she's tormented by visions of recurring murder minutes before they happen. Someone's out to get her, someone more is heard, and Faye gets her best look. Broadcasting the miraculously obvious thriller plot is Laura's falling for a strangely protective detective (Tommy Lee Jones) looking into the killings. "That's a very real point of view," says the detective when Laura explains that her photographs of violence alert people to the violence around them. (They don't) the photographs and the movie are more concerned with looking emotions with violence. In response to this complaint, Laura is required to say "Thank you!" and not even Denny's commitment to her line readings can reduce that one.

Produced by Ben Peters, whose claim to fame will always be that he's been Barbra Streisand's new friend, *Eyes of Laura Mune* does far photography as an art when Carol B. De Mille did for the Bible as literature. During the first half hour you could choke on olive. Faye's pad, the gallery opening, the photo sessions. The new idea is commercial photography who has the high life with the low. To be really chic you have to haul out your Anne Overhills. Director Ives (Katharine) doesn't use the splendid New York locations for contrast—he sees them as accessories. And Laura's

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messager (Roni Auerbach) and her chauffeur (David Dwyer) long the way there—see's Upper East Side City and the other's Lower Duplex Dwell.

At the heart of the movie ("Remind me to tell you about the time I looked into the heart of an asshole," said Berni Davis in *At All Events*) is the realization that death is the life of it and end of it. *At All Events* more explores the power and frequency of the photographic image. It's a victim of it. **LAWRENCE D'YORKE**

Three for the road

WHO LI STOP THE RAIN
Directed by Karl New

The movie based on Robert Stone's prize-winning novel *Dog Soldiers* serves waterlogged by commercial calculation. The title change reveals at once the hand of the marketer. *Dog Soldiers* probably sounded too military, and everyone knows military pictures are off at the box-office these days. The present title has little meaning but it is the name of a Cleveland Blue water festival song which occurs on the soundtrack, posing a question not even answering a question mark. Question marks are all over this slick and handsome action vehicle, which has considerable pace but a vigorous lack of purpose.

On one level the novel is a chase story. A disillusioned war correspondent in Vietnam (Michael Moriarty) agrees to cover three kids of boys back to American shores—his present act of rebellion against the war. The actual journey will be the final third, a mercenary mission (Nick Nolte) who, once in California, will be rewarded for his efforts by the journalist's wife (Tuesday Weld). From the start the plot goes awry, a credited suspense agent (Anthony Quinn) who vows, and Hicks and Marge have to go on the lam to New Mexico. The correlation between the odyssey of Hicks and Marge and the general corroding effect of Vietnam on the American psyche made *Dog Soldiers* a compelling novel, and Stone could draw those connections by depicting his characters with a psychological motivation, difficult to replicate visually. *Who Li Stop the Rain* has a surface but no currents. Characters have been softened, blipped in the process, action taken from scenes more adequately defined, and the central Marge-Hicks relationship is lost in the movie's shuffle.

On the positive side, there's Nick Nolte's performance. Granted, after his coppy black-boy in *The Gimp* there was nowhere to go but up, still, under director Karl New (Morgan) Nolte hits exactly the right notes of dark yet optimistic music. Both glibly action, Weld and Moriarty have been treated with a different role and these two distinctive lady faces often expressed a benevolence which in the circumstances is all too understandable. Yet another mistake of "with all that takes you'd think." **JERRY LOWENBERG**

Books

Play it again, I.B.

BY IRVING BROWN SINGER
McGraw-Hill, \$11.95

Irving Brown Singer, whose stories made a name of cultural fidelity, looks back in danger. The Yiddish he writes is a desired language. He is the world of the displaced intellectual who lives out his life in cafeterias and ethnic newspaper offices trying to forget that he has become superfluous. Singer is not in the Jewish cemetery in his Holocaust Warsaw and even in the "Old Ghetto, Jewish was the love of his fight with modernity. The novel's hero, Aaron Goldfinger, the son of a poor rabbi, has a weakness for music that takes place in a World War I dancing salon where his carols are shared and he's fed water flavored with pork. He finds himself no longer is he formed in the image of God, songs believing in miracles and sorcery. **DAN MORAN**

After the war Aaron becomes a full-fledged modern. He moves out of the Jewish quarter, joins the Yiddish Writers'

Club, becomes involved with four women simultaneously and begins spending more and more of his time discussing scientific advances to Judaism. He keeps the new teacher. Not that Aaron forgets his boyhood ghetto. The symbol for it is Sholem, a semi-retired childhood sweetheart whom he accidentally seduces. In body as well as soul Sholem is the way he remembers her, and despite their total incompatibility he marries her, dividing his time happily between the alcove in her mother's poverty-stricken apartment where they sit as friends, and friends at the Writers' Club.

Thus is the stuff of musical comedy—disillusion in garb and yarmulkes. Too often ethnic despite Irwin Singer into sentimentality, though he never succumbs to fantasy. His work is redeemed by a gift for self-irony and the brightest passages in Sholem are about Doctor Morris Finkelstein, the experienced agnostic professor, rabbi-in-chief of modernism in the Writers' Club. Finkelstein has written a book called *Spiritual Possessions* and wants

devoidism made can evolve into a creature of spirit superior to his carps who can't swallow such unbridled optimism. Irwin has created a modern play dealing with a charming destiny in brothers of the Head Socrates bank of locked in a third, somewhat head on.

Fan (left) and Barry: how to get ahead



Singer, you don't have to be Jewish...

plucked from a backward book on the English accent and turned into an internationally famous punk rock called the Bang-Bang. (Complaining his former plot was 50 literary graphic illustrations of the public's consent.)

After 55 years of Britain's leading academic writers, including the late's shock tactics with the style and format of a child's magazines—overseen pages, large type and color pictures—and keeps them excited by having different characters naming each chapter. Barely visible, he stops our sympathy with recognizable leather. Tom who wishes to break away from his life. Fan, a former member, Barry suffers a fatal heart attack and a surgeon decides to separate his dated eye duckling from the living man. Before the operation can take place, however, the dominant head Asiatic with all of Barry's technique and instead, challenging Tom to a fight to the death.

It's unlikely the Bang-Bang will join the pantheon of such magnificently tragic books as *King Kong*, *Quasimodo* or *Frankenstein* as a member, punk rock being something less than a prequel or prequel backdrop. The book is nevertheless a memorable addition to the list of figures whose external defenses and internal conflicts joined them into social subculture. It is an unfortunate sign, alas, when a national for Tom to be kidnapped after Barry's death. Nevertheless eye duckling never really disappears. They get into returning to spot a late the owner. **HENRY MICKLETHORPE**

Aaron to seal their friendship by sharing his current emotion.)

Dreams cannot go on forever. Miller and Stone, inside Poland. The Writers' Club is disbanded. Sholem dies. After the war Aaron stays behind while he discovers Israel. Chastelton, an apostate friend from Warsaw. Hated has returned to the Promised Land but he is no far as ever from the faith of his fathers. The one real move he has made is to grow a beard because "you have to be different from Gertie in some way." Sholem is a request for a deal on the... **JOHN MCKEYRIDGE**

Jolly good show

THESE, IN FRONT OF
by King of Sholem
(Thomas Nelson & Sons, \$11.95)

The British, from the days of Gibbon and Selkirk down to the Mount Zion Round, have had a long association with mythical tales and the mountains of Eastern Europe. Perhaps with shared, perhaps they are in Russian the one that even comic relief seems to be taking. In this, her "baroque novel," David Breigly thinks as it to flourish in a camera romance that end, appropriately, at dusk.

The king is dying. His four sons, Count Yves Ulrich, Archibald Balastr, Samson and Uriah (plus Archibald's heart) are summoned to the bedside. Outside the palace, the Royal Opera's new production of *Norma* is stifled because of labor disputes. The Conservative party schemes for a coup d'état, at dusk the army, whose ranking

general wants to put the queen under direct military control and raise a *Ni Troncaro* to the nursery. A committee meets to discuss the personal shortage of royal chairs, a lack the king has never asked ("No, because if there is a chair you sit in it," Herbert says at last).

The book's countless gobs of words, but events put the problem right. The king



Breigly going far... oh... baroque

melts, only to find that, in the 20th century, even nobility need not acknowledge an obligation. At the end of the story, perhaps nearby, the police officers at shoulder, with empty lips.

A few lines. Breigly writes English with a schoolmaster's precision that sets the teeth on edge, said, "please, show far show, role complex with complex, 'Tropics with understated "it" a pond nearby she even drew to her attention. It's her way of showing the reader that in her various roles as novelist, critic, and social commentator, she means business. The Harold Fiskish touch, updated and somewhat vulgarized, runs rampant through the book, reminding us that she wrote a spiritual issue, *Pravda Novichka*, in her defense. It's as though a rymont gambler, instead of losing a poker face, shows off by offering the deck with graced thanks. Breigly wears her art on her sleeve.

Yet she's good, even if the know it. She never reminded that the two most interesting things in the world were sex and the 18th-century soil in Peter Whorow Chatter the crucial to class you want when it's possible for an archbishop to seduce his sleeping of English government. The novel is a refreshing return to root pain and brooding ideas. **DELL MCKEYRIDGE**

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *The Highest Command*, Ludlum (T)
- 2 *Chesapeake*, Michener (H)
- 3 *The Human Factor*, Greene (H)
- 4 *Scorpions*, Rinaldi (H)
- 5 *Blowdown*, Shusterman (H)
- 6 *Killer*, Vidal (H)
- 7 *Two Women*, Anselmino (T)
- 8 *The Thin White Line*, McCullough (H)
- 9 *The Man Who Loved Women*, Forester (H)
- 10 *Murder Has Your Number*, Garver (H)

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Complete Book of Running*, Piza (H)
- 2 *It's Life in a Bowl of Cherries—What Are I Doing in the Pit?*, Bonbeck (H)
- 3 *E. R. Taylor*, Ashmore (H)
- 4 *Metropolitan Life*, Metcalf (H)
- 5 *Public Your Own Strips*, Cope (H)
- 6 *Tribbles*, Kaufmann (H)
- 7 *The Freedom Voyage*, Searns (H)
- 8 *The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady*, Austen (H)
- 9 *Murder in the Mother House* (T)
- 10 *My Mother, My Self: A Daughter's Search for Identity*, Friday (H)

1. Fiction list area
Fiction list area
Complete list area

The road to social justice is slow and hard, but the driver is up to it

Column by Allan Fotheringham

It's hard to imagine how much the way of a country can depend on the health and vigor of individual men and their why there's so much concern and hope over the recovery of Chief Justice of Canada Bora Laskin. There was that heart bypass surgery in June and the fear that if he returned to the Supreme Court it would not be as chief but as merely one of nine judges. Now, there seems to be that chance he will not have to give up the lead because of age and you would be generally astonished at the number of legal witches (who mark somewhat down the ink to bird speckers and bawny speckers) who are concerned about the maturity of 61-year-old Laskin continuing on in his post.

One of the great secrets of this silent lead is the quiet realization that has been going on in the structure of the country. Practically unnoticed by the public and editorial writers, the Right Honourable Chief Justice of Canada from Thunder Bay, with those piercing eyeballs and angular cheek bones, has transformed the nature of the court that rules over us all, more than rules over us, the Laskin court has begun to shape our social attitudes, our morals, our way of looking at one another. Laskin is not another dry interpreter of dusty texts and precedents, he is a translator of the shifting mood of a changing nation and in his own way, he is shaping our personalities and our attitudes just as much, if not more, than a clutch of legislatures.

Since Laskin was purchased in from outside five years ago by Mr. Trudeau—outgoing traditionalists and the best-governed by democracy, Justice Marshall—the court has increasingly been nudged toward social issues, decisions that once were decided only in legislatures now are shown to the Supreme Court. All those constitutional issues that were shrewd eyes in those wading federalist conferences in the 1960s are now, you'll notice, up in the stratosphere of the Supreme Court. The Laskin influence has persuaded private litigants to attempt an end-run around the slow and painful legislative process. What a second instance in the U.S. Supreme Court is happening in under Laskin. Even more, even more, forced Marshall Crave off the National Energy Board or conflict of interest allegations. What was so significant about gassy Canadian Press reporter Gerald McNeil going to the Supreme Court because a twerp of a Nova Scotia senator had named *Levi Fungo in Paris* was not that McNeil lost his expensive case by 3-4. What was important is that the court, 9-0,

ruled McNeil had every right to bring before it a case that did not directly hinge on himself. That leaves tremendous potential for the type of cases which that is so fascinating in the American states.

"What is going on here," says Paul Weiler, "is a growing exercise in legal power." Weiler is one of the few people in Canada to be aware of what is going on. A law professor at York University, he has been an impressive chairman of the



B.C. labor relations board through both Social Credit governments and is headed to Harvard and the Michener King Chair of Canadian Studies with the intention of writing a book on the Laskin court. He has already done one rather critical book on the Supreme Court. In the last *Amnesty* is a leading colleague urged him to visit a New Found Man, but Weiler astutely resisted the impulse.

The reason for the interest in Laskin's health and well-being is that his very style, though he rarely has one year, has transformed the court where he must often find himself in a long minority position. It is the style of reasoning and logical writing that has put the conservative justices—marshalled behind Marshall, a former member of the Tory party—on the defensive. Laskin, on his record in academic circles indicated, before his appointment shocked the traditionalists, believed the individual must be protected from the state. He wants his court to decide what the law means—rather than merely administer

it. When he acted as chief justice there were certainly detailed legislative judgments handed down by the majority side. Laskin, in dissent, although he is the best delivered minority opinions full of biting, quotable remarks that made the majority opinions look bad in legal circles where podiums read the fine print. Laskin's dissenting opinions in the 1970s, students of the court agree, will be the majority opinions of the 1980s. Even more intriguing, to students of the post speed, is the philosophical split of the court. Legal minds define the more progressive wing as the "new process." That has meant Laskin, Justice Spence and Dickson. The more reactionary "more conservative" wing, led by Marshall, has included Justices Ritchie and de Grandpré. That left a swing group of Justices Pigeon, Judson and Beetz and the man who more often than not casts the vital 5-4 swing vote was Pigeon (who, in another incarnation was the professor at York who he trained a student named René Lévesque from law class for smoking and thereby consigned him to journalism and politics forever). Judson and de Grandpré are now gone from the court, replaced by Yves Fassin and Estey, but it is too early yet to get a book on their thinking.

Just as fascinating, Marshall, Ritchie and Judson were all appointed by John Diefenbaker. Laskin, Dickson, Beetz, Pigeon and Estey were named by Trudeau. Lester Pearson had a chance to appoint only two justices, Spence and Pigeon. Spence is 74, Marshall 71 and Ritchie close to 70. Pigeon is close to retirement. Which would mean if Trudeau can win the coming election, and that he seems, he will have been able to choose all nine judges.

One of the factors that has shoved Laskin into the spotlight is the threat of the women's liberation movement. When the court, in that famous 1973 case, denied Alberta ranch wife Innes Murdoch a half interest in the ranch she had worked 25 years to build, the feminists were outraged—but cheered by Laskin's minority opinion. Such was the shift in mood that five years later, Laskin was able to win a 5-4 majority for Sandra Thomson from wife Helen (Bathwell) in ruling that a divorced woman has rights to half the assets both up during her marriage. We're not quite up to the American yet, where a Bialke does make marriage uneven, but the Laskin style is dropping on there. While everyone worries about the impossibilities of Trudeau's house of Federation, no one is watching the major force quietly working in Canadian life.



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